The Nati[on]

November 10, 1979 $1

1979

EDITORIAL

THE PAST RECAPTURED

Absent from all the current public clamor about Henry Kissinger, his best seller, his paperback and overseas rights, his television consulting, his dispute with William Shawcross, etc., is any serious discussion of how a man such as Kissinger rose to his present eminence as a scholar-policy maker. Now, however, Prof. Sigmund Diamond, in an account that begins on this page, reports on a newly discovered Federal Bureau of Investigation document that provides a disturbing behind-the-scenes glimpse at the making of a Presidential confidant. Diamond's account of Kissinger's curious relations with the Bureau is as illuminating of the values and assumptions that have guided this man as they are shocking. At the end of his article, Professor Diamond raises disturbing questions about Kissinger's activities during the cold-war period. When we put these questions to Kissinger, he declined to confirm or deny, saying, "The implication of these questions is ridiculous and contemptible."

We can think of no scholar better suited to raise the questions than Sigmund Diamond, Giddings Professor of Sociology and professor of history at Columbia University, who is not only a scholar of the cold war but one of its victims. In a review of *Education and Politics at Harvard*, a book by Seymour Martin Lipset and David Riesman, that appeared in *The New York Review of Books*, April 28, 1977, Diamond told of being offered an appointment by Harvard in 1954, and of Harvard's subsequent withdrawal of the offer for political reasons. The questions Diamond posed in his review about the relations between Harvard and the F.B.I. were discussed in an exchange of letters between him and McGeorge Bundy, former Harvard dean; Clark Kerr, chairman of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, which sponsored the Lipset-Riesman book; Lipset and others.

KENNEDY VS. CARTER ON HEALTH CARE
Toby Cohen

CENTRAL AMERICAN DOMINOES
Stephen Kinzer

MOZAMBIQUE
Stephen Talbot

NORMAN PODHORETZ
Robert Lekachman

MARY McCARTHY
Richard Lingeman

'PEEPING TOM'
Nora Sayre

THE INFORMANT

KISSINGER AND THE F.B.I.

SIGMUND DIAMOND

In chapter seven of his new book, *White House Years*, called "The Agony of Vietnam," Henry Kissinger writes of his and President Nixon's outrage over leaks to the press, from within the Government, of information about air strikes in Cambodia. "The conviction that such leaks were needlessly jeopardizing American lives, which I shared," he writes, "caused the President to consult the Attorney General and the Director of the FBI about remedial measures. J. Edgar Hoover recommended wiretaps. . . . The Attorney General affirmed their legality. Nixon ordered them carried out on the basis of explicit criteria of which access to or unauthorized use of classified information was the principal one. I went along with what I had no reason to doubt was legal and established practice in these circumstances, pursued, so we were told, with greater energy and fewer safeguards in previous Administrations."

Subsequently, Kissinger says, his views on wiretapping changed. In a recent interview in *Time*, for example, he said, "I believe now that the more stringent safeguards applied to national security wiretapping since that time reflect an even more fundamental national interest." Even the account in his memoirs suggests that Kissinger's acquiescence in wiretapping was a one-time expediency, impelled by concern for saving American lives and the arguments of J. Edgar Hoover, John Mitchell and the President that the taps were "legal and established practice."

But a document from the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation gives reason to believe that Kissinger was not a neophyte in the secret scrutiny of his associates. Nor, on the earlier occasion, did he have the assurance of Hoover, Mitchell

(Continued on Page 466)

CSSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

BRIEF REFRAIN

New York City

James Goodale ["Reporters Have Rights Too," *The Nation*, Nov. 3] rightly points out that I was not justified in assuming that Myron Farber would get a judicial hearing on the merits of his refusal to allow a court to see his notes about the man whose indictment for murder he brought about. But Goodale unfairly taxes civil libertarians generally with silence about Farber's right to a hearing, because Goodale himself sought their silence.

On a couple of occasions, the American Civil Liberties Union informed Goodale that it would be glad to file an *amicus* brief in court supporting Farber's right to a full hearing. Goodale asked that such a brief not be filed on the ground that incorporating a statement of the A.C.L.U.'s policy—that a defendant could require disclosure of a journalist's notes if he could demonstrate that they were essential—would cast doubt on the constitutionality of New Jersey's "shield" law which *The New York Times* was invoking to protect Farber. In deference to Goodale's request, the A.C.L.U. refrained from filing a brief.

Aryeh Neier

NOT SO SURE

San Antonio

As I read the first-rate article on the draft by Bertram M. Gross ["The Drive to Revive the Draft, *The Nation*, Oct. 20], I thought about the first memory I had of my father. Horribly wounded from World War I combat, he would cry out in great agony. Sometimes in the middle of the night he would sit in a hot tub of water to relieve the pain. Now and then I, a child, would go to him and hold his hand. "Never be for war, Maury Jr.," he would say. "Never."

Then Hitler began taking Europe. As the bombings of London became worse, I would see my father during radio broadcasts sitting there with tears streaming down his face. Then he, Adlai Stevenson and others organized the Committee to Aid Great Britain. After that, there were no pacifists around our home. So we do have wars, and how shall we deal with them?

When I first started representing conscientious objectors to the Vietnam War down here in Texas where men are men and all that shit, I agreed with Mr. Gross: no draft of the young. But some five years or so later I wasn't so sure. I'm not now.

Gross is right when he writes that for Hispanics and blacks, the draft was an escape from the ghetto. Jim Crow had a double victory: keep the "niggers" and "Meskins" down in a time of peace; kill them in war.

Do you know where the radicals came from during the Vietnam War? They came from the middle and upper classes. I am talking about the sons of fathers who wore "Better Dead Than Red" buttons and kept their fancy sons out of combat. As the threat against them increased, they were the ones who got us out of Vietnam. . . .

I watched the rich of this country (along with the best and brightest Ivy League intellectuals) kill the poor while they kept their own sons home, and I'll never get over it. Maybe the end of war is the threat of combat death to the sons of the "better classes." Maybe the rich love their own children more than they love their money. I hope so.

Maury Maverick Jr.

THE KURDS AND MORE

New York City

Will someone please explain to James Baldwin ["Open Letter to the Born Again," *The Nation*, Sept. 29] that the Palestine Liberation Organization is the creature of the "rejectionist" oil-military juntas, and that Yasir Arafat (even if he wanted to) dare not acknowledge Israel's right to exist for fear of being murdered as was every other Palestinian who did so. . . .

Who promised to finish the job Hitler did not manage to complete? Who is still trying to do it? Is Israel the problem—the moral problem—or is it Iraq, Libya and Algeria? Whose bidding has black Africa been doing? Will black America also do the Moslem's dirty work? Doesn't Mr. Baldwin know that no allegedly Christian country other than South Africa has ever treated black Africans as dreadfully as have the Arabs? And they are still at it in the Sudan.

Ah, the poor Palestinians: who had to be thrown out of Jordan, who were shunted by Syria into Lebanon, which they promptly destroyed. They do have a right to self-determination: almost as much of a right as do the Kurds and the South Sudanese blacks, for whom no Afro-Americans seem to be crying.

The Kurds, of course, are poor; so are the blacks of the Sudan. But the P.L.O. is not. . . .

B. M. Ginsburg

SWITCH-HATTER

San Francisco

Norman Birnbaum's replies to his critics [Letters, *The Nation*, Sept. 22] make it clear that as a member of the Editorial Board of *The Nation* he is no more an "authentic" dove than as a consultant to the National Security Council he is an "ex-officio" hawk. And he does not slip from one hat to the other with minimum squirming; he's not much of a switch-hatter. It is necessary to read him twice to catch some of his attempts to play both roles. . . .

It is quite true that there are no retaliatory land-based missiles at the ready in the beer halls of Munich. But that is not a cause for worry about SALT II among the NATO allies since they—and Birnbaum, and all readers of *The Nation*—know that lying offshore from the Baltic to the Mediterranean are submarines with strategic nuclear weapons at the ready in superior offensive and defensive positions. From no accounts I've read are the Europeans worried about the signing of SALT II; most reports indicate they favor it. It would appear that Birnbaum, the not-so-ex-officio hawk, is the one who seems worried. . . .

The editor could help Birnbaum. Request that he toss away one of his two hats. If this will not solve his conflict of interests, and he must sit astride the fence on that uncomfortable picket, both he and *The Nation*'s readers might find it a bit easier and less confusing if he became *The Nation*'s authentic hawk and the N.S.C.'s ex-officio dove.

Lester Cole

CORRECTION

The full title of Mark Green's book from which we excerpted sections in the October 27 issue of *The Nation* ["Lloyd Cutler—Portrait of a Corporate Liberal"] is *The Other Government: The Unseen Power of Washington Lawyers* (Viking/Grossman, 1975; W.W. Norton, 1978).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 229, No. 15

COVER
Editorial:
The Past Recaptured
The Informant:
Kissinger and the F.B.I. *Sigmund Diamond*

LETTERS
450

EDITORIALS
451 End of the Act? *Donald L. Ranard*
452 Dream Deferred
453 *Bulletin* Aboard
453 Witness
454 *Variations* *Calvin Trillin*

Drawings by Robert Grossman

ARTICLES
455 Kennedy vs. Carter-Long: The Battle of Health Care *Toby Cohen*
458 Central American Dominoes *Stephen Kinzer*
461 Derail the MX *Gordon Adams and David Gold*
462 Marxism in Mozambique *Stephen Talbot*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
469 Podhoretz: Breaking Ranks *Robert Lekachman*
470 McCarthy: Cannibals and Missionaries *Richard Lingeman*
472 Gunn: Selected Poems 1950-1975
Heaney: Field Work *Donald Hall*
473 Films *Nora Sayre*
475 Art *Lawrence Alloway*
476 Theater/Film *Harold Clurman*
477 Television *Peter Sourian*

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor,* Sydne Silverstein; *Assistant Editor,* Kai Bird; *Editorial Assistants,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Karen Wilcox, Amy Wilentz; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Lawrence Alloway; *Dance,* Nancy Goldner; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Indigenous Music,* Nat Hentoff; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Press,* Richard Pollak; *Television,* Peter Sourian; *Theater,* Harold Clurman; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Bonn,* C. Amery; *Canberra,* C.P. Fitzgerald; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Carey McWilliams (*Second Thoughts*), Calvin Trillin (*Variations*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editor,* Blair Clark. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Alan Wolfe.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Melinda Miller; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager,* Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator,* Deborah Thomas; *Assistant to Publisher,* Karen Polk; *Classified,* Lindsey Weinraub; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

End of the Act?

The assassination of President Park Chung Hee has plunged South Korea into a period of uncertainty. The vaunted "stability" of Park's harsh rule, already shaken by student demonstrations and the mass resignation of the opposition members of the national assembly, proved vulnerable to an assassin within. Whether the Korean people can regain a true constitutional democracy remains to be seen, but certainly now is the time for the United States to seize the opportunity to side with freedom rather than continue its long-standing policy of endorsing authoritarianism.

Over the past thirty years this country failed time and again to halt the march toward authoritarian rule in Seoul. Each time the United States confronted the dilemma, it put "national security" considerations first. More often than not, these considerations were unrelated to South Korea. President Dwight Eisenhower was preoccupied by China's intentions in Asia. John Kennedy allowed the blunder at Cuba's Bay of Pigs to motivate a decision not to support his embassy in Seoul when it opposed the coup in May 1961 that brought General Park to power. Lyndon Johnson concentrated on putting Korean troops into Vietnam, Richard Nixon on keeping them there and Gerald Ford, never quite understanding what was happening in Korea, blindly followed Henry Kissinger's advice on "quiet diplomacy."

Enter President Carter and a foreign policy with human rights as its "soul." What was going on in Korea was repugnant to American values, said Carter during the campaign. But from then on his policies faltered, until today they are hardly distinguishable from those of his predecessors: keep the U.S. troops in Korea, increase military assistance and economic credits, rely on quiet diplomacy. Campaign pledges notwithstanding, Carter even allowed supposed national security to befog the "Koreagate" scandal involving payoffs to Congressmen. His Administration refused to press for a vigorous investigation, allowed Korean Am-

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
NOV 7 1979
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bassador Kim Dong Jo (who allegedly bribed American Congressmen) to hide from Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski behind the Vienna Convention on Diplomatic Immunity, and dropped thirty-seven indictments against Park Tong Sun as well as others. To be sure, Koreagate was not this Administration's doing but it was responsible for cleaning it up. Instead, it became a farce, if not a cover-up.

Carter's visit to Seoul in midsummer was also a diplomatic blunder. (See Donald Kirk, "Koreans Who Won't Cheer Jimmy Carter," *The Nation*, June 30.) Whatever small gain it brought was ephemeral—a handful of people released from jail (simultaneously, one must add, with the arrest of others), and a brief opportunity to posture on human rights. But President Park, who was trained by Kissinger to recognize the difference between platitudinous talk about moral values by the President and Congress and real action, read Carter's message as simply meaning that the United States contemplated no policy changes. Korean Government propaganda before and since the visit made certain the message got through to Korean dissidents that Washington was in Park's corner. Coming after Koreagate, the visit seemed to absolve Park and give him a green light to carry on persecuting his opposition.

For all its admirable intentions, U.S. policy toward South Korea has been emasculated by an unwillingness to recognize that real national security for the South must be built on the sovereignty of its people as expressed in free elections. Although hardly the ideal spokesman for the virtues of democratic governments, Kissinger liked to say that the lesson we learned in Vietnam was that the United States could not maintain in power governments that did not enjoy the support of their people.

Instead, in a country where thousands of Americans died to prevent a Communist dictatorship over the entire peninsula, we saw the tragic demise of the last vestige of democratic government—the legislative assembly. Under Park's Yushin Constitution, it had little real power, but until the expulsion of opposition leader Kim Young Sam and the resignation of his fellow party members, it was at least a symbol of Western-style democracy. A free press had long since ceased to exist; freedom of inquiry and speech was an early victim; the labor unions have always been manipulated by Government, and even the sanctity of the church and freedom of worship have regularly been violated.

As democracy went down the drain in Korea, the United States responded by recalling its Ambassador for two weeks of "consultations"—the mildest rebuke in the arsenal of diplomatic symbolism. A letter from Carter to Park was drafted, and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, in the company of the returning Ambassador, was dispatched to deliver it, being careful to make clear to Park that the U.S. security commitment to Korea and the status of human rights were not linked.

Donald L. Ranard is director of the Center for International Policy. He was formerly director of the Office of Korean Affairs in the State Department.

President Park witnessed this act more than once in his eighteen years in power. But so have enough Americans to believe that now is the time for a change in the script.

DONALD L. RANARD

Dream Deferred

Two weeks ago in these pages we brought to the attention of our readers a rare "Washington Encounter" between a group of Israelis and Palestinians. We welcomed the efforts of the Israeli editors of the magazine *New Outlook*, the sponsors of the conference, which was held last week, to bring to a public forum the kind of dialogues between Israeli and Palestinian private citizens that have taken place on several occasions over the past few years in Paris and more recently in Rome. *New Outlook*'s editors felt these private colloquies had laid a sufficient foundation for a public meeting of Israelis and Palestinians who were willing to discuss mutual recognition.

Unfortunately, the dialogue we hoped for never came to pass. As one anguished young activist of the Israeli Peace Now movement said, "We so hoped coming here would show the Israeli people that there is indeed someone to talk to in the Palestinian camp." But at the last moment, a delegation of West Bank mayors and ordinary Palestinians from Bir Zeit University and East Jerusalem backed out. A token delegation of Palestinians was sent to explain why their colleagues could not attend the conference. Actually, there were other important absentees. The Israeli Labor Party and the institutional leadership of the American Jewish community kept their distance, as did all but one prominent Palestinian American, Prof. Hisham Sharabi of Georgetown University, editor of *The Journal of Palestine Studies*.

The failure of the Palestinians to attend cast a pall over the event, and too much of the discussion centered on their absence. All parties share some of the blame for the missed opportunity. Too many individuals from both camps were apparently unable to reconcile their private willingness to talk politics and peace with the constraints of their public roles.

But our own State Department must be condemned for placing additional obstacles in their path. After much internal discussion, the *New Outlook* sponsors had decided months ago not to extend a formal invitation to the Palestine Liberation Organization. Instead, several prominent moderates in the P.L.O. hierarchy, Isam Sartawi, Sabri Jiryis and Mrs. Said Hammami, the widow of the P.L.O.'s London representative who was assassinated in 1978 by an Iraqi extremist, were invited as individuals. Significantly, the P.L.O. quietly let it be known that it approved of their presence and that of any West Bank Palestinians as well.

Enter the State Department. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance informed the *New Outlook* people that visas would "probably" not be granted to P.L.O. officials like Sartawi

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Jiryis—even though these Palestinians would be coming as individuals to discuss peace in a public forum with dozens of well-known Israelis. Nahum Goldman, former president of the World Jewish Congress, personally phoned Vance and pleaded with him to rescind his decision. Vance wouldn't budge.

But neither the State Department's interference, the nonrepresentation of important groups, nor the side issues these matters raised obscured the ample demonstrations of what the conference could have been. There was, for example, agreement among many Palestinians and Israelis on the need for mutual recognition of their respective rights to self-determination. And there was widespread support for the two-state formula as the best political solution to their differences. But there was disagreement, not surprisingly, over the appropriate path to reach that objective. The Camp David accords, in this respect, were often deprecated as a "half-step"—although some West Bank Palestinians, Raymonda Tawil in particular, went further, and dismissed the autonomy provisions of the Camp David treaty as totally worthless. Israeli settlements in the West Bank were roundly condemned. At moments, the dialogue shifted to the relationship of the American Jewish community to Israel. The debate was, on all counts, lively and vital. We can only wish that in the days ahead more Israelis and Palestinians would be willing to undertake the individual and political risks that make such rare and necessary dialogues a reality.

Bulletin Aboard

With this issue of The Nation, *some 5,000 former subscribers to Internews's* International Bulletin *join our ranks. We want to welcome the* Bulletin *readers to the pages of* The Nation *and have asked its editors to tell those of you who are not familiar with Internews about its past, present—and future. The following message is from Internews editors Jan Austin, Elizabeth Farnsworth, Banning Garrett and Stephen Talbot.*

Internews was an international news service based in Berkeley, California, created and run by a handful of young journalists who shared a commitment and camaraderie and very little money. Inspired by *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, we published the *Bulletin*, an eight-page biweekly packed with news and analysis of U.S. foreign policy and world events from Mexico to Angola, Lebanon to China. We also produced daily radio news reports, which some of you might have heard on the Pacifica radio stations. At our peak, we were reaching more than a million listeners a day on twenty-five stations.

After six years of writing and broadcasting, we were forced by the financial pressures endemic to small cooperative enterprises, especially small publications, to shut down. Fortunately, *The Nation* has agreed to fulfill all outstanding subscriptions to the *Bulletin*.

In searching for a publication worthy of our loyal (and demanding) readers, we sought an independent, spirited, literate journal which provided an alternative to the shallow, ideologically constrained news of the corporate media. And we wanted a well-established periodical that was not about to disappear like so many other publications these days.

Our choice was *The Nation*. Many of *The Nation*'s regular contributors—Nat Hentoff, Richard Falk, Alan Wolfe, Michael Klare—were *Bulletin* subscribers. We, in turn, regularly read their work in *The Nation*, as well as articles by writers like James Baldwin, Carey McWilliams, Penny Lernoux, Ralph Nader and Ramsey Clark.

As Victor Navasky wrote recently in an open letter to our readers: "Corporate journalism in America has left little room in recent years for thoughtful political and social commentary in general and on foreign affairs in particular . . . it is left to a handful of periodicals to tell us what lies behind the headlines. The *International Bulletin* . . . was one of these periodicals. . . ." *The Nation* is certainly another, and we trust it will serve our readers well.

In the final issue of the *Bulletin*, we told our readers that "We all intend to remain active in the foreign policy field, writing, researching and working on issues. You haven't heard the last from us yet." We plan to keep that promise. Thanks to the editors of *The Nation* our voices will continue to be heard in these pages. We look forward to carrying on the dialogue with our old readers and to opening one with the larger *Nation* readership.

Witness

The other day, we watched a small demonstration in front of the Czechoslovakian Mission to the United Nations. A few leading American men and women of letters had gathered there to protest the prison sentences imposed the previous day on playwright Vaclav Havel and five other members of Charter 77, a group of more than a thousand Czechs who had signed a statement in 1977 denouncing their Government's failure to abide by the human-rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki accords. The punishment of these six, the pending trials of five additional protesters and the refusal recently to permit another playwright, Pavel Kohout, to return home from Vienna, where he had been invited in a cultural exchange program, have made the Czech Government seem to be intent on proving the Charter 77 critics' charges by its reprisals against them.

The sight of Arthur Miller and Joseph Papp mounting the steps of the embassy to slip a letter of protest under its locked door prompted reflections on political persecution here in the United States. Miller and Papp, we recalled, were targets of the political inquisitions and blacklists of the 1950s. They were persecuted, it was alleged, because they sympathized with the ideology of governments like the one they were now demonstrating against. We wondered whether any of their persecutors of the 1950s who might still be around were also displaying any concern for Havel, Kohout and the others, or would even know who they are.

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Daddy, why did the Marines invade Cuba?

Invade Cuba! Marines! Why doesn't anyone ever tell me anything?

Didn't you promise Mommy you'd quit answering questions with questions?

Did I?

Yes.

For breakfast this morning, we are offering Cheerios, Product 19, some yucky health cereal and Rice Krispies. The management wishes to inform you that the Rice Krispies, while completely inert if left to themselves, will react to the addition of milk by going snap, crackle and, occasionally, pop—and so may not be advisable for those who have particularly severe hangovers.

Little girls don't get hangovers, Daddy.

Ah, the miraculous recuperative powers of the young.

Daddy, please answer my question: Why did the Marines invade Cuba? It says right here "Marines charge ashore at Guantánamo Bay."

Well, you see, Guantánamo Bay is a part of Cuba that really isn't Cuba. A long time ago, that part was turned over to us for a Navy base so we could protect Cuba from its enemies.

Who are Cuba's enemies?

We are.

Is that why the Marines invaded Guantánamo Bay?

Oh no. The Marines invaded Guantánamo Bay because there are Russian troops in the part of Cuba that really is Cuba, and we don't want them there.

Then why didn't the Marines invade the Cuba part of Cuba?

Because there are Russian troops there. Someone could be hurt. Are you sure you wouldn't rather discuss whether or not a bowl of Cheerios fulfills your minimum daily requirement of preservatives?

Why are the Russian troops in Cuba anyway?

Well, the Russians have an arrangement with Fidel Castro. He sends soldiers to fight anyone they want fought in Africa, because the Russian troops all come from a northern climate, and if they went to Africa themselves they would be particularly susceptible to heat rash. In return, the Russians give him eight million dollars a day plus some soldiers to sit around and drink rum. You see, the Cubans are used to having foreigners sit around drinking rum; there have always been foreigners sitting around Cuba drinking rum. Castro is afraid that if there aren't any the people will get restless or will think they're in Finland or someplace and become dangerously confused.

Who is Fidel Castro?

He is the leader of the Nonaligned Nations.

But I thought you said that he did what the Russians tell him to do. How can he be nonaligned?

Your mother's a wizard at foreign affairs. Are you sure this isn't the sort of thing you ought to talk to her about, woman to woman?

That was a question in reply to a question.

O.K. You asked for it. You see, there are a lot of people in America who look for Communists under their beds. Political scientists call them Dust Ballers, because what they usually find under their beds is not Communists but those little balls of dust that always get under beds. When all they find year after year is dust balls, the Dust Ballers get very depressed. Fidel Castro is a very kind man who tries to arrange things so that the Dust Ballers are right now and then. When he first took over in Cuba, the Dust Ballers said he was a Communist, but everyone else said they were being silly and even Castro said they were being silly. Then, after a while, he said that he had his fingers crossed when he said he wasn't a Communist: He was a Communist after all. The Dust Ballers were very happy for a while, but then for the next fifteen years or so they found mainly dust balls. They would say that Nonaligned Nations were nothing but Communists, and everyone would make fun of them. Castro heard about it, so he became the official leader of the Nonaligned Nations so that the Dust Ballers could be right again. When it comes to the Dust Ballers, Castro's a real softy.

But what does having the Russian troops in Cuba have to do with the Marines invading their own base?

Well, we wanted to show them that we're tough. If they have a combat brigade in there, we'll invade our own base. If they put a fleet there, we'll attack one of our ports. If they put in offensive missiles there again, we'll destroy Schenectady, New York, with intercontinental ballistic missiles. It's called "measured response."

Could I have some milk on my Rice Krispies?

It does make an awful racket.

I don't have a hangover, Daddy.

You're not the only one here.

Daddy, is invading your own base kind of like the man you told me about in the Rose Bowl who got the ball and ran over his own goal line?

Oh no. He thought he was going the right way. The Marines knew they were invading their own base. You see, when the Secretary of State learned that there were Russian troops in Cuba, he didn't know that they were just there to drink rum. So he said the status quo was unacceptable. Something had to change or we would be so mad at Russia that we would quit accepting all the Russian ballet stars and athletes who defect after they're over the hill, and the Russians would be stuck with paying all that pension money. So what changed was that we invaded our own base.

What did the Russians do?

They went out on a ship and watched.

To spy?

Oh no. The Russians watched because they had never seen anybody invade his own base before. They thought it would be a good break from just sitting around drinking rum. When we decide to destroy Schenectady, I suspect they'll sell tickets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

KENNEDY vs. CARTER-LONG

The Battle of Health Care

TOBY COHEN

If ours is indeed the Culture of Narcissism in the Me Decade, the pundits of the new selfishness will have to explain why, after some ten years of talk about enacting national health insurance, the middle class hasn't raised its collective voice in support of Senator Edward Kennedy's custom-built, all-inclusive health plan and against President Jimmy Carter and Senator Russell Long's national health care—for the middle class a very large empty box. Not empty for the welfare poor and the elderly, to be sure; virtually all of their medical needs will be paid for by the taxpayers under the Carter-Long plan.

Senator Long makes it all sound reasonable: "The polls indicate that the overwhelming majority of the American people are not concerned about being insured against run-of-the-mill hospital bills or run-of-the-mill doctor bills. What . . . is a matter of very serious concern to them is . . . catastrophic medical bills that wipe out all their savings, and they're properly concerned about that kind of risk. That's the area we would seek to take care of." But a comparison of the Carter-Long plan and Kennedy's all-inclusive, Scandinavian-style health insurance plan reveals the speciousness of Long's argument.

In the first place, by emphasizing "catastrophic" costs instead of more routine medical expenses, the Carter-Long plan ignores the consensus of opinion among health experts that both to insure better care and to lower costs, medical care should be expanded outside of hospitals, and people encouraged to visit the doctor's office before their problems progress to the hospitalization stage.

The Carter-Long bill would require all employers to provide their employees with Government insurance that would cover all doctor and hospital bills after a family has spent a total of $3,500 ($1,900 for a single person) on medical bills in a given year. Dentistry, drugs and long-term nursing care would be wholly excluded from reimbursement. To cover bills up to the $3,500 cutoff, wage earners and their employers would be allowed to buy, besides the required Carter-Long Government insurance, additional private policies, or to maintain those they now own. The Carter-Long plan would cost the nation $24.6 billion, which averages out to roughly $205 per taxpayer for the first year, $6 billion of which would be paid by employers. It would also buy most wage earners nothing. Only 10 percent of the population are not at present covered for hospitalization—but 40 percent are unprotected against doctor bills. Most private comprehensive major-medical policies would cover all these people, cost the taxpayers less than Carter-Long, and deliver more.*

What catastrophic medical costs would Carter-Long protect against? Cancer, stroke, heart disease, heart transplants, severe accidents or burns—these so-styled catastrophic events usually require the patient to stay in the hospital only ten to twenty days. Renee Katz, the New York City high school senior whose hand was severed under a subway train and later reattached at Bellevue Hospital, stayed there only twenty days. Any basic Blue Cross policy would have covered her hospital costs. In fact, only 1 percent of the population will ever find themselves in a hospital for so long that Blue Cross coverage runs out.

But should someone fear that he might be part of that 1 percent, which protection would he prefer—the Carter-Long plan, with a $3,500 deductible, or a currently available comprehensive major-medical plan that anyone can buy for roughly $1,500 that requires a $100 deductible, and supplies 80 percent coverage up to $2,000 in bills and 100 percent after that? Consider: the total out-of-pocket costs—premium, deductible and coinsurance—of such a plan would cost $2,000, $1,500 less than the Carter-Long deductible, whose coinsurance first starts at $3,500. Its illusory value aside, what is catastrophic about Carter-Long is its potential effect on future medical costs. Says Dr. Sam Wolfe, chairman of Columbia University Medical School's Department of Public Health: "Whenever you insure the most expensive form of medicine over less costly and simpler medicine, you insure that expensive medicine will be more widely practiced." Moreover, when only the worst that could happen is insured, many people who now lack coverage for ordinary doctor bills will, in the early stages of a disease, when they could be most helped, for minimal fees, decide not to see the doctor—will wait, instead, until their disease is more serious, expensive and very possibly fatal. Every time someone is hospitalized because he or she waited too long to see a doctor, the cost registers in higher insurance premiums for all of us. In addition, the more illnesses the physician treats in their serious phases, the more his fee goes up for everything, says Dr. Jacob Fine, Professor Emeritus of Surgery, Harvard Medical School. The result is that fees in general rise, in turn boosting insurance payouts. Patients without coverage for ordinary doctor bills also tend to press their doctors to hospitalize them, instead of treating them in the office or on a house call. Solely to offset the potential overuse of hospitals, the Carter-Long plan calls for vastly increased inspection and regulation, which will add to the costs of the total program.

If the wage-earning taxpayer is to buy all of Carter-Long

*Originally, Carter proposed a $2,500 deductible, Government-insured medical care program for all pregnant women and all infants up to age 1, and the admission of more people to the Medicare and Medicaid programs. He would have left three million people uninsured—most of them part-time workers or self-employed—so as to save the $1.5 billion it would cost to insure them. The more conservative Carter-Long plan is the result of secret compromises with Long, which could come unstuck without altering the essential uselessness to the middle class of Carter's proposals.

Toby Cohen is a freelance medical writer and former director of the Medical Practice Task Force of the New York State Assembly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and get nothing, the welfare poor (now covered by Medicaid) and the elderly (now covered by Medicare) need buy nothing and do very well. Carter-Long handsomely increases their Federal benefits while putting both groups under one national health plan called Healthcare. Physicians would be prohibited from charging Healthcare patients directly and would instead be paid by the Government according to a fixed-fee schedule. The Carter-Long plan assumes that doctors will use that fixed-fee schedule as a "voluntary guideline" for their fees to others—but no law compels them to do so. Just possibly, doctors will warm to the President's fantasies and not charge regular patients any more than they would their Healthcare patients. But more likely, with the fees for the poor and the elderly rigorously fixed, doctors will raise their fees swiftly and steeply for patients they bill directly, who may or may not be reimbursed later (remember that $3,500 deductible) by insurance.

In contrast to the Carter-Long plan, the Kennedy Health Care for All Americans Act would cover all medical care for every American through indirect Government payment to doctors. No $3,500 deductible, no waiting by the patient to be reimbursed. Initially, dentistry and drugs (except for the elderly with chronic diseases) would not be covered and insured psychiatric office visits would be limited to twenty a year. Mindful of the rising costs of medical care, Kennedy's system puts all medical care on a national budget much like the defense budget, and provides that this budget may expand only in proportion with the national economy. Then it allocates the budget by state and by type of service, and requires that allocations be lived within, to control medical-cost inflation. From these budgets, the system would pay the physicians under negotiated fee schedules, and pay the hospitals according to negotiated sub-budgets for the year. The Kennedy program would also monitor hospitals and doctors monthly to see that they are living within their allocations.

The Government would not pay medical costs directly but instead would employ the insurance companies as both budget monitors and fiscal intermediaries. In turn, the insurance companies, together with hospitals, physicians, labor-union leaders, employers, consumers and Government representatives, would hammer out the yearly budgets. Should the insurance companies fail to enforce budget compliance through monitoring, they would pay overruns out of their own coffers and be prohibited by law from raising their premiums that year to compensate themselves. Yearly budget estimates would be reckoned in much the same way that the defense budget is reckoned each year—amply. Should unexpected medical costs arise even so—because of an epidemic like Legionnaire's disease, say—the national boards would have contingency funds available.

Last, but by no means least, patients would be free to choose any physician they liked, and the Kennedy proposal would also allow them to buy or maintain additional medical insurance. But except for dentistry or extensive out-of-hospital psychiatric treatment, there would be no need for it.

The insurance companies would pay the doctors and hospitals from the premiums paid to them by employers, consumers and the Government. The cost of premiums to the employed would vary from 0 to 2.6 percent of their weekly paychecks, depending on their incomes. But in no instance would the premiums exceed $800 a year, and that maximum would apply only to persons making more than $30,000 a year. The remainder in all cases would be paid by employers. Those employers now required by union contracts to pay *all* health insurance premiums for their employees and those who pay without contract would in general continue to do so. Those who are not now paying the premiums for their employees and who could prove they cannot afford to would be subsidized by the Government. The Government would also pay the premiums for the elderly, for those unemployed with an income under $2,000, and for the self-employed making less than $2,000. Those above the cutoff would pay 2.5 percent of their income for their premiums. If they forgot or chose not to buy Government insurance, they could still go to the doctor whenever they had to. The doctor would be required to submit the bill to his state health board, which would pay him and be reimbursed by the Government. The Government, in turn, would buy that person insurance and request payment unless his income was below $2,000. Under Carter-Long, workers who lose their jobs lose their employee health-plan coverage after ninety days, leaving them the choice of going on welfare, paying as much as $1,500 for private major-medical insurance or having no coverage.

This situation would not arise under the Kennedy plan, for no one would be refused medical services, no matter how minor his ailment. And since the U.S. Government has the best track record in the world—better than hospitals, doctors or collection agencies—for recovering money, there would be no bad debts. The American Hospital Association estimates that $9 billion is lost in bad debts to hospitals and doctors each year, and this does not include attorneys' fees and court costs, expenses that the taxpayer ultimately pays, along with the debt, since financial loss is always calculated into premiums, hospital bills and doctor bills.

According to President Carter's own actuary, Gordon Trapnell of Gordon Trapnell Associates, the Kennedy plan would cost each taxpayer about $330 a year, including about $24.6 billion from tax revenues, $11.5 billion from employers and $3 billion from employees and the self-employed (but would save them $24 billion which they now spend out of their own pockets for health costs as a result of deductibles and co-insurance). Kennedy's actuaries, who included Isidore Falk, Professor Emeritus of Public Health at Yale University, formerly chief of research and statistics for the Social Security Administration and author of the original Social Security legislation passed under Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Rashi Fein, professor of Medical Economics at Harvard Medical School, claim that Trapnell did not take account of all the cost controls in the Kennedy plan; consequently, they insist that each of the above figures would be reduced by a half—making a total almost exactly the same as Trapnell's estimate of $24.6 billion for the broadly useless Carter-Long

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plan. But more important, say the Kennedy people, the failure to build cost controls into Carter-Long means steeply rising costs in future years, whereas the Kennedy plan guarantees that medical costs will stay within the pattern of national costs, instead of, as now, rising one and a half times as fast. Indeed, after the initial costs of the Kennedy plan are met, it can be expected within four years to cost less than we are now spending and less than any proposals currently before Congress—while giving everybody more care.

The protest heard at the back of the room is the usual response of the American Medical Association to talk of the Federal Government "monitoring" or "regulating" or "reviewing" the practice of medicine. In fact, Government monitoring is already going on. Since 1972 the Feds have been reviewing both the amounts being paid for treatment and the quality of the care received by Medicaid and Medicare patients in hospitals. Under Carter-Long that would continue, the review of all other care being left, as now, to the discretion of the insurance companies, who without Government imperatives have mainly been content to pay the bills, with no questions asked.

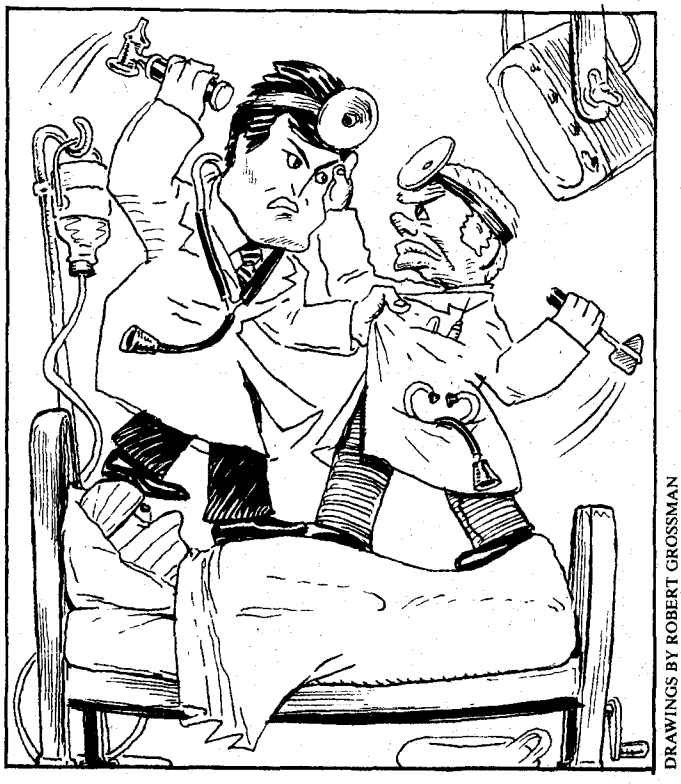
Indeed, our spiraling medical inflation is the direct result of what is known as "cost reimbursement," under which hospitals are paid for their costs retrospectively, with virtually no limit placed on the amount of money they may spend each year. This system, first introduced by Blue Cross in the early 1950s, was extended to Medicare and Medicaid reimbursement formulas in 1965 by Congress with the A.M.A.'s backing. Because paying hospital bills was a whole new experience for Congress, it deferred to the American Hospital Association, while trusting administrators to respect the public treasury. With Medicaid and Medicare funds newly available, hospital administrators, even (and especially) the best, simply stopped denying internal requests for higher wages or more supplies or extra research money or better furniture. Now that the public treasury was available, why worry? The current regulations have the Government and the insurance companies treating hospitals like the doting parent who tells the son he's packing off to college: "Let me know your expenses at the end of the year and I'll pay you back." Under Kennedy's insurance system, the Government would say to Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, for example, "Here's $2 million—and that's all you get for the whole year."

Instead of devising more economical means of payment, the profession has been content to let much of the population believe that providing free care or medical insurance to the elderly and the indigent has sent medical costs soaring. Says Herbert Klarman, professor of economics at the Graduate School of Public Administration of New York University, "Federal predictions about utilization increases among the elderly with the passage of Medicare were right on target. They increased by 5 percent. But they didn't expect hospital administrators to turn into greedy children once Uncle Sam became a customer."

The alternatives? We can continue with "cost-based reimbursement" contracts—as would Carter-Long—and watch more hospitals close, more corners be cut everywhere, as the Government, angered at the unabashed greed at its trough, carries out its threats to put a lid on payments for the care of Medicaid and Medicare patients. But the private sector would still be there for the plucking, especially as hospitals would seek to take from private patients what they would lose in Government money. Or we can put hospitals on a yearly budget, as would the Kennedy Health Care for All Americans Act, and subject them to monitoring to prevent corner-cutting.

Under the Kennedy plan, the monitoring would be done by review bodies appointed by a bipartisan national health board and similar state health boards (and consisting of representatives of employers, labor unions, insurance carriers, consumers, physicians and hospitals), which would systematically oversee the work being done in hospitals and in doctors' offices. Death and complication rates for different operations at different hospitals would be made public, not to interfere with the doctor-patient relationship but to provide patients with the information they need to pick a physician rationally. Every doctor giving care in and out of hospitals would have to submit a claim to be reimbursed. These coded claim forms, properly designed, could provide data from which to study the progression of diseases and how they respond to treatment. And by ridding the system of bad and injurious care unnecessarily given, we not only benefit every potential patient, we also lower costs.

Thus, for the first time, claim forms which are now filled out in abundance for reimbursement only would also be used to monitor the effectiveness of the care they record. Privacy would be guaranteed through elaborate coding devices; the claim forms would contain no more private information than now goes to insurance companies and employers anyway, with the difference that employers would no longer receive the forms.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the Kennedy proposal would not cost more than the Carter-Long plan, would better insure and insure better care, and pose no greater threat to privacy, why such resistance to it? Is it simply because, as labor's George Meany says, the medical establishment has managed through its $200 billion lobbying campaign to convince the taxpayer that passage of all-inclusive national health insurance will result in costs going through the ceiling and crowds of impatient patients in every doctor's office?

Precisely, says Dr. Falk: "For the last fifty years the A.M.A. has used cost scare tactics to camouflage what the national health insurance debate is really all about: who will control the doctors." In 1932, Falk points out, a national committee on the costs of medical care wrote:

> The problem of providing satisfactory medical service to all the people of the United States at costs which they can meet is a pressing one. At the present time, many persons do not receive service which is adequate either in quantity or quality, and the costs of service are inequably distributed. The result is a tremendous amount of preventable physical pain and mental anguish, needless deaths, economic inefficiency, and social waste. Furthermore, these conditions are . . . largely unnecessary. The United States has the economic resources, the organizing ability, and the technical experience to solve this problem.

"The doctors have had fifty years to clean up their act and have failed to do so," says Falk. "Witness the $100 billion lost last year to bad medical care. That kind of money could supply good medical care to an awful lot of people." The Carter-Long plan would leave the quality of physicians' work virtually uncontrolled, whereas Kennedy's health plan would rigorously monitor the quality of all care.

The decisive advantages of the Kennedy plan over Carter-Long should be obvious, but at present Congress is leaning toward the latter. Members of the forgotten middle class should do some leaning of their own—on their Congressmen, for the Kennedy plan. □

Central American Dominoes

STEPHEN KINZER

The "domino theory" is back with a vengeance in Central America. The overthrow of Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza, who liked to portray himself as the toughest and most stable ruler on the Isthmus, has convinced some Central Americans that the remaining "dominoes"—Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador—will soon start toppling.

"This might well be the year of revolution throughout Central America," a high-ranking officer in El Salvador told a visiting reporter. "Nicaragua is a raging fire, and Guatemala and El Salvador are dry kindling." Representative Charles Wilson of Texas, a longtime Somoza backer, warns that "the problem now is Guatemala and El Salvador. If the United States doesn't change its tune, El Salvador is gone in a year. Guatemala could go six months later, and once Guatemala goes, Honduras certainly won't last more than six months."

But the danger of the domino theory is that it assumes Nicaragua's revolution will inevitably be "exported." It ignores the often desperate need for reforms and the long-standing refusal of those in power to make any substantial concessions to the large majority of their people who are kept in a state of semifeudalism that subsidizes the ruling elite's privileged way of life. And it overlooks the substantial differences among the three countries and among the opposition movements that seek to change them.

Of the three countries, only El Salvador has seemed genuinely on the brink of revolution. The recent coup that ousted the corrupt President Carlos Humberto Romero and installed a military-civilian junta was an attempt to defuse the situation. But the unrest that led to the coup is unrelated to the revolt in Nicaragua. The rise of the Salvadoran opposition movement, including its strongly Marxist-Leninist core, and its dramatic increase in strength in recent months were attributable to the gross inequity of the social system and stepped-up Government repression rather than any aftershocks of the Nicaraguan upheaval.

El Salvador is the most densely populated country on the Latin American mainland. The military has been in power for nearly five decades—making it the longest-lived military Government extant, as Salvadorans are quick to point out. An oligarchy, still referred to as the "fourteen families," although it is now larger than that as a result of intermarriage and a few new entries, has always used the military rulers as a kind of private security force to protect the wealth it has built primarily from coffee farming. The last time there was a significant popular movement in the country was in the early 1930s. It was ruthlessly suppressed in 1932, when loyalist soldiers launched a counteroffensive that resulted in the death of more than 10,000 peasants.

During the decades since then, the natural growth of political opposition has been stymied by Government repression administered on behalf of the ruling landholding elite. "The first thing any democracy would have to accomplish," observed a priest in San Salvador, "is some kind of land reform. [The landholding families] cannot accept this, so they are fighting any change in the medieval structure of our country." Indeed, a mild land-reform program was tentatively considered in El Salvador several years ago, but was quickly withdrawn by the military after wealthy landholders objected.

In the 1960s limited political reforms were instituted, encouraged by the Alliance for Progress under the implied threat of a cutoff of American aid. Since many Salvadoran military men had grown rich by pocketing aid dollars, the threat had its effect. By 1968, civilian opponents of the Gov-

Stephen Kinzer, who teaches journalism at Boston University, covers Latin America for The Boston Globe *and other periodicals. He spent much of last summer in Central America.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment controlled eighty local governments and held a third of the seats in Congress. They looked forward to 1972 as the year they could win the Presidency, and that year they formed a coalition behind the popular former Mayor of San Salvador, José Napoleón Duarte. But a heavy-handed vote fraud prevented Duarte from taking office. Another attempt by civilians to unite behind a single candidate—in this case a military man—was also thwarted by a rigged election in 1977. Salvadorans who had looked to the ballot as a vehicle for change became further frustrated and, in many cases, radicalized.

As peaceful avenues of dissent were systematically closed off by an increasingly isolated Salvadoran Government, radical groups proliferated. Three major opposition groups outside the traditional political parties are currently active—the Popular Revolutionary Bloc (B.P.R.), the February 28 Popular Leagues and the United Popular Action Front. The largest of these is the B.P.R., which has grown rapidly in recent months and now claims 80,000 members. It is a strong coalition of several dozen unions, student groups and peasant cooperatives, most of them illegal, that has taken the lead in organizing against the regime.

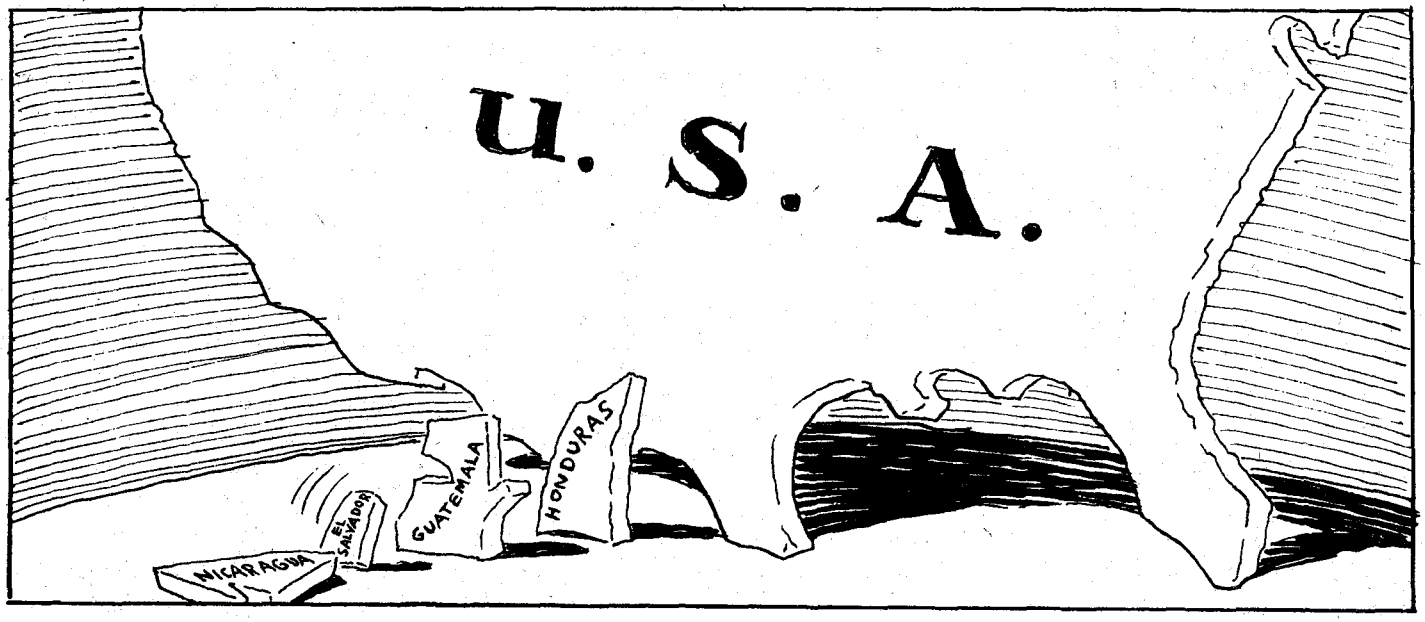
Those efforts reached a crescendo in May, when policemen opened fire on B.P.R. demonstrators on the steps of the national cathedral in San Salvador. As a CBS cameraman recorded the scene, twenty-four demonstrators were cut down, most of them shot in the back as they fled toward the sanctuary of the church. Later that same month, sixteen more B.P.R. supporters were killed as they marched toward the Venezuelan Embassy in support of comrades who had seized it. These incidents have only served to enlist more people in the revolutionary cause. At the same time, they have pushed the small guerrilla cadres that are thought to run the B.P.R. and other dissident movements further to the left. The guerrillas espouse militant Marxism-Leninism, and at least one observer suggested that if they succeed in taking power without any moderating influences, they could "make Nicaragua and even Cuba look like kid stuff."

The Roman Catholic Church in Guatemala has placed itself squarely on the side of the anti-Government movement. The country's Archbishop, Oscar Romero, has become a national hero (and a Nobel Peace Prize nominee) for his defense of the right to organize and his condemnations of "the idolatry of riches" and "men who use power as if they were gods instead of servants of the people." Although he was thought of as a friend of the rich when he was elevated to his post in February 1977, a campaign of repression aimed specifically at the church, which has included the murder of six priests, had a profound effect upon him.

Two of the three guerrilla groups active in El Salvador—they have fewer than 2,000 members and count on their "mass organizations" to exert pressure on the Government—are believed to have sent men to fight alongside the Sandinists in Nicaragua. A third, which has taken in more than $20 million from kidnapping and ransoming foreign executives, reportedly made a large financial contribution. Though the Sandinists are said to be most reluctant to repay the debt in any material way at this time (even if they were financially able to) and are thought by some analysts to disapprove of the radicalism and disunity of their Salvadoran counterparts, the guerrillas have proclaimed that they hope for important new aid from an undefined source soon.

During this past summer in El Salvador, there was a growing feeling that time was running out for a peaceful solution, and that if some change did not come soon, the explosion might be imminent. It was in that climate that two unknown young colonels displaced President Romero on October 15 and declared their intention of ending the "violence and corruption" endemic in their country. Upon seizing power, the two officers promised to grant their countrymen full political freedom, including the right to organize, speak freely and participate in honest elections. Because these promises have been made and broken repeatedly in the past, Salvadorans are skeptical.

The military coup was widely considered a defensive move by the military to prevent social revolution. But the civilians named to the interim junta, especially liberal party leader Guillermo Ungo, have good reputations in El Salva-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dor, and it is just possible that El Salvador may have saved itself from bloody war at the last moment, but it is far too early to be certain.

The psychological effect of Nicaragua's revolution has been felt in Guatemala, but, as in El Salvador, no further impact is evident. Just as the Salvadoran movement grew without help from Nicaragua, so has the Sandinist victory failed to unite the fragmented Guatemalan opposition. The reason is simple: ever since the military took control of the country in a U.S.-backed coup in 1954, it has been systematically eliminating anyone who has the ability to organize opposition. (See Cynthia Brown, "Guatemala—the Next Nicaragua?" *The Nation*, August 25-September 1.) The same techniques of vote fraud, torture and assassination are practiced in both countries.

"If you look back," said Guatemala's most popular civilian politician, Manuel Colóm Argueta, last March, "you will see that every single murder is of a key person. They are not all of the same ideological orientation, they are simply the people in each sector or movement who have the capacity to organize the population around a cause." Colóm himself, who was proclaimed by some of his supporters "the Kennedy of Latin America," was gunned down within days of that interview. His brother and sister accused specific Government officials of planning the murder and were immediately charged with "calumny against the state," a criminal offense. The brother sought asylum in the Venezuelan Embassy, from which he hopes to proceed to Costa Rica to try to organize an international economic boycott of Guatemala. "The only solution now is violence," he said from his embassy refuge. "Popular organizations here become stronger every day, and every time the Government kills a peasant, for example, one hundred other peasants come to support the guerrillas."

The conditions in tiny and densely populated El Salvador do not lend themselves to real guerrilla warfare, and that is why the opposition there has taken to kidnapping businessmen, seizing factories, attacking embassies and staging mass protests. But in Guatemala, with its mountains, jungles and uninhabited areas, conditions do favor guerrillas, and they are now beginning to resurface after being decimated by a massive counterinsurgency campaign in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Although they are well armed, unlike their Salvadoran counterparts, they have wisely shied away from confrontations with the Guatemalan Army—which experts consider the strongest in the region. Instead, they have adopted the tactic of moving into individual villages, talking with natives to explain their program and win support and then disappearing back into the countryside before authorities can arrive.

"The movement is different than in El Salvador," said one Guatemalan. "Here the guerrillas are following the Cuba/Vietnam/Nicaragua strategy, bracing for a long struggle because they know they are not near victory. The Government is too strong now, but they sense the population is with them more strongly after every wave of repression. In El Salvador, where victory seems much closer, the goal of the guerrillas is to destabilize the Government and throw the country into chaos so the regime cannot survive. And if they win in El Salvador," he added, "they might just be radical enough to aid the Guatemalans directly, unlike the restraint of the Sandinists, and that could change the Guatemalan situation considerably."

Because of the success of Government-backed "death squads" in Guatemala, there are few civilians or moderate politicians left who can put together a movement for nonviolent change. Guatemalan activists cannot even count on the support of the church, with the exception of some maverick priests. The nation's Archbishop, Cardinal Mario Casariego, is one of the most conservative prelates on the continent and spends his time blessing police cars and sharing cocktails with military leaders and aristocrats.

Junta Liberal

The presence in El Salvador's new ruling junta of the well-known liberal politician Guillermo Ungo, leader of the left-leaning National Revolutionary Movement, is regarded by Salvadorans as a hopeful sign. Educated in the United States and recently a visitor here on a junket sponsored by the State Department, Ungo's familiarity with this country has not prevented him from criticizing U.S. policy.

When I visited him in August at the Central American University in San Salvador, where he is director of research, he criticized the Romero Government, then still in power, for imposing "military terror" with "the aid of the United States." Especially since the 1959 Cuban revolution, he added, "a very small Communist movement [in El Salvador] has obsessed the oligarchy and the United States. . . . The United States has no experience in dealing with Marxist political parties, so it has no capacity to evaluate them." He urged that all American aid to the Romero Government be ended, including development programs sponsored by the Agency for International Development, because "the political benefit of A.I.D. programs to the oligarchy is much greater than the benefit to the 'poorest of the poor' they are supposedly aimed at."

He lamented that "the United States doesn't seem to learn lessons. . . . They are trying to follow the path that failed in Nicaragua, the path of trying to impose a pseudo-democracy, looking for minor compromises long after they are possible."

Though he is now a member of a junta led by two colonels, he said in August that "the military will always be the guardian of the oligarchy. When they say they are against Communism, what they really mean is that they are against democracy. Anything that questions the political-economic structure is considered subversive. If we say there is misery in the country, they immediately say we are Communists." Asked if his party would participate in local elections that Romero had called for next spring, Ungo looked dubious and reflected, "You cannot combine fascism with democracy." S.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Honduras provides an instructive contrast. There, the opposition is muted. The Government, though hardly benevolent, has not unleashed the kind of systematic brutality and torture that has long been the rule in Guatemala and has intensified in recent years in El Salvador, and hence the people are less driven to violent resistance. Land reform, for example, is just as real a need in Honduras as elsewhere on the Isthmus. But when groups of Honduran peasants have invaded private farms, Government forces normally put them in trucks, drove them a hundred miles away, and then released them. In Honduras, repression is tempered with a modicum of humanity or at least fear of international condemnation, and the people are disposed to suffer injustice—for now—rather than risk their lives to overthrow the regime that administers it. It remains to be seen whether the Honduran Government will actually carry out its pledge to turn over power to civilians soon, but the relatively peaceful situation in that country—the only one of the three that actually borders on Nicaragua—indicates the folly of holding up the "domino theory" as the explanation for events that are actually the products of deep-rooted domestic conditions.

A long-standing split in the American foreign policy establishment has been reopened by the Sandinist victory in Nicaragua. The Central Intelligence Agency has already begun feeding favored journalists information about alleged Cuban participation in the Nicaraguan revolution and efforts by Havana and the Sandinists to hasten other revolutions in Central America. Backed by the Pentagon, C.I.A. officials are reportedly pushing for a return to the days when American support for military dictators in Latin America was automatic. Supporters of this view are also active on Capitol Hill, where Representative Wilson has urged that the United States "support these pro-American despots and prevent their replacement with pro-Communist despots." So far, the State Department has been able to win President Jimmy Carter's approval for what might be called a "middle course" in which the United States does not break with the military regimes but remains critical of their excesses. But domestic political pressures or a new Administration could align the United States more closely with "pro-American despots." Such a decision would, in the words of a Salvadoran politician, "finally destroy U.S. credibility in our region and guarantee that totalitarian leftist regimes rather than democratic leftist regimes finally emerge here." □

Derail the MX

GORDON ADAMS and DAVID GOLD

The era of an American first-strike capability is at hand. Jimmy Carter has given the green light for the Air Force to develop and test the MX missile. The MX warheads (ten per missile instead of the Minuteman's three) will be far more accurate than current designs, permitting near-precise targeting. These characteristics give MX a first-strike capability, since there will be a high probability that an MX missile attack could destroy all the Soviet Union's land-based missiles.

The MX is being portrayed, however, as a defensive weapon. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown argues that the Soviet Union is developing its own first-strike potential, making the stationary Minuteman vulnerable by the mid-1980s. The 200-missile MX force will be mobile, probably shuttled back and forth among a large number of above-ground shelters in the southwestern United States. Since the Russians would never be certain where each missile was located, they would be unable to aim their large ICBMs accurately: if they tried to hit all of the U.S. launchers, they would waste a huge number of warheads in a first strike.

But if mobility is the Air Force's goal, the MX is unnecessary. The current Minuteman missile force could be made sufficiently mobile to frustrate Soviet targeting. Mobile basing would upset the balance of deterrence because it prods the Soviet Union into improving the accuracy and mobility of its own land-based missiles. The United States would predictably respond by seeking even greater accuracy and firepower, and the arms race would continue to spiral out of control.

Moreover, the need for a mobile, invulnerable, land-based missile is dubious at best. Much of the American deterrent is based on B-52 bombers and ballistic-missile submarines. It is unlikely that the Soviet Union would ever undertake a first strike that would wipe out our Minuteman missiles, for if such an attack were successful, a response by America's invulnerable sea-based missiles would devastate the Soviet Union. The United States has a more than sufficient deterrent, even without land-based missiles.

If the MX is an unnecessary addition to the U.S. deterrent, then the only rationale becomes its first-strike potential. That is the real risk of this missile. It enables the United States to move from a defensive to a war-fighting strategy. Thus, it is the United States, and not the Soviet Union, that is acquiring first-strike capability. MX will give the United States sufficient nuclear superiority to threaten Soviet global interests, and foster the illusion that it can defeat the Soviet Union in a nuclear confrontation.

The supporters of the MX also make an economic argument: they tout the favorable impact increased spending for the new missile will have on the economy. The Air Force, for example, asserts that the initial $7 billion in development expenditures will create 130,000 new jobs, concentrated in states that have a large aerospace industry such as California, but spreading throughout much of the country by subcontracting. This figure is a bit of an exaggeration. In its environmental impact statement, the Air Force notes (in the appendix) that its figures are biased upward. Moreover, the Air Force study actually makes several projections of new jobs created. The low estimate was 15,000 new jobs, the high 126,000. Only the highest figure, rounded off to 130,000, was reported in the press.

Gordon Adams teaches political science at Rutgers University, Newark. David Gold is an economist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever the number of jobs created, the MX program will produce enormous economic waste. There are the inevitable cost overruns. Americans are rightly cynical about the ability of the Pentagon or the defense contractors to hold down costs. The price tag of a single B-1 bomber soared from $40 million to more than $105 million in five years. Some of the contractors are the same—Rockwell International, for example—and there is no reason to expect the Pentagon to be able to control costs on the MX any better than it did on past weapons systems. As a result, costs will probably outstrip its $33 billion projection, leading to supplementary drains on the national budget and further inflation. Moreover, a major Federal investment in useless military hardware such as MX diverts investment needed by the civilian economy for research and development.

Obviously, the firms that stand to gain the most from the MX program are the defense contractors. Martin Marietta, for example, will be a big winner as the prime system manager for the program. The MX will become the mainstay of Martin Marietta's business in the 1980s. Rockwell International, which is currently generating cost overruns on NASA's space shuttle, will construct guidance systems, flight computers and the fourth stage of the missile. Rockwell's defense contracting fortunes suffered a severe blow when the B-1 was canceled; clearly, it is their turn for a major new contract. Northrop, whose F-5 export program is slowing down, has received a new MX contract. Thiokol, Hercules, General Tire and Rubber, T.R.W.—these are the corporate beneficiaries who provide much of the political support for the program.

Ultimately, the MX represents a political strategy. In the short term, MX is the price tag for conservative votes for SALT II, and it is also designed to placate the American right by preventing the Soviet Union from attaining superiority in the long run, thus preserving the inviolability of American global interests. The Administration's solicitude for the right is revealing. The MX system synchronizes perfectly with the Carter political strategy of developing a center-right coalition, and a center-right political program (see Adams and Gold, "Carter's New Cold-War Coalition," *The Nation*, February 17). A putative Soviet threat provides the glue for that coalition, and MX attracts that part of the political spectrum most worried about such a threat.

Increasing defense spending by means of the MX appeals to the same constituency. It is a stimulus directed at a key sector of American industry, one possessing major political influence. It is the one area of the Federal budget the Carter Administration can use to even out the rough spots in the coming recession, especially in some key political areas of the country, while holding down overall Federal spending, and cutting the deficit. The MX, then, must be seen in this broader coalition-building context. Unnecessary militarily, potentially destabilizing internationally, economically troublesome, the MX is a weapon of re-election and governance for the Carter regime. □

Marxism in Mozambique

STEPHEN TALBOT

Maputo, Mozambique

Africa is a politically heterogeneous continent. Its governments range from parliamentary democracies to military juntas, from white minority regimes to monarchies and a variety of socialist states. Mozambique is trying to build a socialist society rooted in popular political participation—the substance, not the rhetoric, of socialism. The Frelimo guerrilla movement that won the country its independence from Portugal in 1975 was well disciplined and popular. Now, despite considerable problems, foreign and domestic, Mozambique's progress has impressed foreign observers. David Ottaway of *The Washington Post*, for example, reported: "With an intriguing mixture of intense ideological commitment and hard-nosed economic pragmatism, Mozambique is quietly making a bid to become black Africa's first successful Marxist state." (See William Meyers, "The View From a Front-Line State," *The Nation*, March 17.)

Unlike Angola—another former Portuguese colony committed to socialist development—newly independent Mozambique was spared a military invasion by South Africa and a bloody civil war, which pitted the leftist, Cuban-supported Movimento Popular de Libertacao de Angola Government against rival Central Intelligence Agency-backed factions. But Mozambique has its own war, which has hampered efforts to reconstruct a shattered economy: the raging conflict in neighboring Zimbabwe Rhodesia.

While striving to meet the subsistence needs of its own ten million to twelve million people, Mozambique must also cope with an influx of 150,000 impoverished Zimbabwean refugees who have fled the war. The refugee camps are administered by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, and although the Zimbabweans try to be as self-sufficient as possible, Mozambique must still divert scarce and badly needed resources to insure their survival. In addition, Mozambique has lost more than $500 million in transit revenues and salaries since it closed its border with Rhodesia in March 1976 in compliance with the United Nations sanctions and in solidarity with the Zimbabwean independence movement. The Mozambican port of Beira had served as landlocked Rhodesia's main outlet to the Indian Ocean; now it suffers from unemployment and sharply curtailed economic growth.

Stephen Talbot is a former editor of International Bulletin *and a reporter for Internews radio service. He recently returned from Mozambique and other parts of Africa where he was working on a film concerning American involvement in southern Africa.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While enduring these economic hardships, Mozambique has been subjected to repeated raids by Rhodesian jet fighters, helicopter gunships and paratroopers. The most recent attacks—two occurred during the London conference on the future of Zimbabwe, hardly improving the atmosphere for negotiations—have taken on a particularly ominous implication. The Salisbury regime describes the raids as "pre-emptive" strikes against buildups of guerrilla forces near the border, but there is an abundance of eyewitness evidence from Western journalists and international aid officials that the assaults are increasingly directed at civilian targets deep inside Mozambique.

With characteristic bravado, the Salisbury military command claimed to have killed some 300 Zimbabwean guerrillas in one incursion in early September. But according to *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent Allen Isaacman, who visited some of the bombed areas 250 miles from the Rhodesian border, "there was no Mozambican, much less Zimbabwean, military presence there, with the exception of a small force of Mozambican soldiers guarding the dam at Aldeia de Barragem." The Rhodesians, who had tried in March and April to destroy the dam that irrigates the fertile rice-growing Limpopo River valley, succeeded in damaging one of the four sluices. The only conceivable purpose of bombing this obviously nonmilitary target was to hamper Frelimo's campaign to turn the region into the nation's breadbasket.

Since December 1978, the Rhodesian forces have repeatedly sabotaged roads and railways in an attempt to disrupt Mozambique's already tenuous communications and transportation system, blown up strategic bridges to block Mozambique's export of coal (its chief mineral resource) and killed a number of foreign technicians, including a young Belgian couple working for the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization. In March, Rhodesian-trained and financed Mozambican counterrevolutionaries blew up large fuel storage depots in Beira, the country's second largest city.

Isaacman and other knowledgeable observers believe that the Rhodesian attacks are designed "to cripple Mozambique's fragile economy, create popular discontent and demonstrate to the Mozambican Government the futility of continued support for the Patriotic Front." But, judging from my recent three-week visit to Mozambique, which included areas near the Rhodesian border, it appears that, contrary to the intentions of Salisbury's military commander, Lieut. Gen. Peter Walls, the raids have not dissuaded Frelimo from continuing its long-standing support for the Patriotic Front, nor do they seem to have dampened the Mozambicans' support for the guerrillas.

This support is in marked contrast to the prevailing sentiment in Zambia, another "front-line" state, which harbors Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), which is allied in the Patriotic Front with Robert Mugabe's Mozambique-based Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). The massive bombing raids of the past year, especially in Lusaka, Zambia's capital, have exacerbated an economic crisis and prompted deep resentments and even protests, particularly from the more conservative business community, against President Kenneth Kaunda's support for the guerrillas.

Unlike the Zambians, the Mozambicans had to wage a ten-year armed struggle to achieve their independence, and they are more sympathetic and ideologically inclined to support a protracted "people's war" in Zimbabwe. It is evident from popular culture, the state-controlled radio and newspapers, and numerous interviews and conversations I had with a wide variety of Mozambicans that they see the war in Zimbabwe as the continuation of a process of liberating southern Africa from white minority rule.

This is not to say that the Mozambican Government is opposed to a negotiated settlement of the war in Zimbabwe. Mozambique joined Angola, Tanzania, Zambia and Botswana—the four other front-line states—in urging the Patriotic Front to negotiate seriously at the talks at Lancaster House in London. However, should the peace process break down, the Rhodesians cannot depend upon Frelimo to exert pressure on the Patriotic Front to fall into line.

The war has stunted and distorted Mozambique's economic development, but not brought it to a standstill. Frelimo's immediate goal—a formidable one—is to restore production by 1980 to pre-independence levels. After drastic declines in production in 1975 and 1976, when Portuguese factory owners and technicians fled the newly independent nation, the economy stabilized and began to recover slowly. According to Government statistics, industrial production grew by 20 percent in the past year and agricultural production by 15 percent. But President Samora Machel admits that the growth rate has been inadequate and calls for a "radical transformation of our country" over the next ten years. Machel recently told the Council of Ministers: "We have to reach 1990 with a developed industry, with an industrial base functioning, with agriculture relatively mechanized. By 1990, we should have resolved and put behind us problems of food supply, clothing, footwear, unemployment, illiteracy and endemic diseases which take a heavy toll of our people."

Signs of Mozambique's economic difficulties are obvious: long lines of people in the cities waiting to buy meat, fish and bread; factories idled because of a shortage of spare parts; the opening of an exclusive "diplomat's store" in Maputo selling South African and other imported goods to foreigners with hard currency (Mozambique desperately needs foreign exchange). Nevertheless, one finds a sense of progress and optimism in the country.

One reason for this is that the living standard of the average person has improved considerably since independence. Wages are still low—$90 to $300 per month in most factories—but they have doubled, even quadrupled, since 1975. Medical care, though rudimentary, is virtually free: a nominal 25-cent fee for a clinic visit is waived if the patient cannot afford it. Impressive inoculation campaigns against TB, measles, smallpox and tetanus have reached an estimated 96 percent of the population. Rents have been slashed, and black Africans have occupied the "cement city" apartments once reserved for whites only. Basic education is free, pri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUT
MAN
THR
HI

It's one of Dana's principles of productivity.

Once a year, all of Dana's division managers present their plans to an audience of their peers. Then they have to defend them. It's affectionately known as "Hell Week." But once through the ordeal, our managers have earned the right to run their own operations for another year.

Managers everywhere have the pressure of responsibility. At Dana, they get the authority and support that ought to go with it. It's part of what we call humanistic management, giving people the freedom to work well, to grow and to share the rewards.

You can see the results in our productivity. It's doubled in the last 7 years.

Productivity alone doesn't produce profits. But we're balancing our output of parts for the vehicular, service and industrial equipment markets we manufacture for. So, as well as increasing productivity, we've improved our earnings year after year.

And that's not bad for a bunch of people who've been through hell.

Dana Corporation, Toledo, Ohio 43697.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR
AGERS
OUGH
LL.

PRODUCTIVE PEOPLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mary-school enrollment has tripled to more than 1.4 million and literacy classes are being established in factories, communal villages and other workplaces. New schools, teacher crash-training courses, on-the-job training programs and adult literacy classes proliferate—even if the "school" may be in some cases no more than a blackboard under a tree with a teen-age teacher. In the rural areas, a million people have moved into about 1,000 communal villages, and while they vary tremendously in their levels of development, they have made social services and agricultural machinery more available to the traditionally scattered and isolated peasants who previously labored on Portuguese plantations or led a precarious existence based on subsistence-level farming.

For a one-party state, there is a remarkable degree of frank and open discussion of problems. Letters to the editor of *Tempo*, Mozambique's weekly news magazine, are lively and frequently critical. More important, worker participation in factory decision making and grass-roots democracy in villages and neighborhood committees are actively encouraged. Of course, there is always the danger of Frelimo becoming an authoritarian elite purporting to speak for "the people," but to the traveler the overall impression is of an entire country in motion, of a people asserting themselves.

Ultimately, the fate of Mozambique's experiment in socialism is inextricably bound up with the outcome of the war in Zimbabwe and the struggle for majority rule in South Africa. In the meantime, it will strive to overcome its economic disabilities while pursuing a foreign policy of delicate ambivalence—e.g., supporting South Africa's liberation movement, the African National Congress, on the one hand, and continuing to provide South Africa with power from the huge Cabora Bassa dam and allowing Mozambican migrant workers to labor in the South African gold mines on the other.

"These are hard times to work in Mozambique," an official of the state-owned fishing company acknowledged. "We have so many problems of production, the difficulties we have inherited from colonialism, and now the war in Zimbabwe. But we know where we want to go and we are trying our best to get there." □

Kissinger

(Continued From Front Cover)

and Nixon as to the legality of his action. The document, acquired in connection with research I am doing on the relations between the F.B.I. and universities before and during the McCarthy period, states that Kissinger volunteered information to the F.B.I. that he had obtained by opening another person's mail when he was a member of the Harvard University faculty in the 1950s.* The F.B.I. report follows, reprinted in its entirety.

*Tampering with the mails is punishable by a fine of up to $2,000, or imprisonment up to five years (18 U.S. Code, Sec. 1702); there is a five-year statute of limitations that would have run out in 1958.

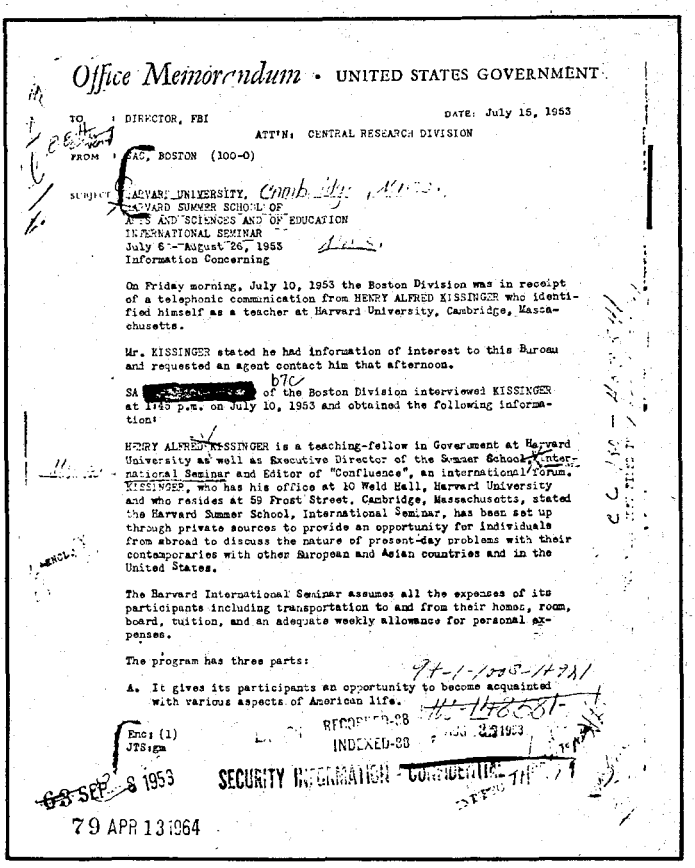
TO : DIRECTOR, FBI DATE: July 15, 1953
ATT'N: Central Research Division
FROM : SAC [Special Agent in Charge], Boston (100-0)
SUBJECT: HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.
HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL OF
ARTS AND SCIENCES AND OF
EDUCATION
INTERNATIONAL SEMINAR
July 6 - August 26, 1953
Information Concerning

On Friday morning, July 10, 1953 the Boston Division was in receipt of a telephonic communication from HENRY ALFRED KISSINGER who identified himself as a teacher at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. KISSINGER stated he had information of interest to this Bureau and requested an agent contact him that afternoon.

SA [name blacked out] of the Boston Division interviewed KISSINGER at 1:45 p.m. on July 10, 1953 and obtained the following information:

HENRY ALFRED KISSINGER is a teaching-fellow in Government at Harvard University as well as Executive Director of the Summer School, International Seminar and Editor of "Confluence", an international forum. KISSINGER, who has his office at 10 Weld Hall, Harvard University and who resides at 59 Frost Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, stated the Harvard Summer School, International Seminar, has been set up through private sources to provide an opportunity for individuals from abroad to discuss the


Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI DATE: July 15, 1953
ATT'N: CENTRAL RESEARCH DIVISION
FROM : SAC, BOSTON (100-0)
SUBJECT: HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.
HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL OF
ARTS AND SCIENCES AND OF EDUCATION
INTERNATIONAL SEMINAR
July 6--August 26, 1953
Information Concerning

On Friday morning, July 10, 1953 the Boston Division was in receipt of a telephonic communication from HENRY ALFRED KISSINGER who identified himself as a teacher at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. KISSINGER stated he had information of interest to this Bureau and requested an agent contact him that afternoon.

SA [redacted] b7c of the Boston Division interviewed KISSINGER at 1:45 p.m. on July 10, 1953 and obtained the following information:

HENRY ALFRED KISSINGER is a teaching-fellow in Government at Harvard University as well as Executive Director of the Summer School, International Seminar and Editor of "Confluence", an international forum. KISSINGER, who has his office at 10 Weld Hall, Harvard University and who resides at 59 Frost Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, stated the Harvard Summer School, International Seminar, has been set up through private sources to provide an opportunity for individuals from abroad to discuss the nature of present-day problems with their contemporaries with other European and Asian countries and in the United States.

The Harvard International Seminar assumes all the expenses of its participants including transportation to and from their homes, room, board, tuition, and an adequate weekly allowance for personal expenses.

The program has three parts:

A. It gives its participants an opportunity to become acquainted with various aspects of American life.

Enc: (1)
JTS:gm

RECORDED-88 INDEXED-88 SEP 8 1953

SECURITY INFORMATION - CONFIDENTIAL

79 APR 13 1964

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nature of present-day problems with their contemporaries with [*sic*] other European and Asian countries and in the United States.

The Harvard International Seminar assumes all the expenses of its participants including transportation to and from their homes, room, board, tuition, and an adequate allowance for personal expenses.

The program has three parts:

A. It gives its participants an opportunity to become acquainted with various aspects of American life.

B. It has a formal academic program in which approximately ten members work on cooperative projects of contemporary interest under the general supervision of a faculty member.

C. As many participants as possible are given an opportunity to speak to an American audience on some aspect of their own country.

KISSINGER made available literature relating to the International Seminar, a copy of which is forwarded to the Bureau as an enclosure to this letter.

He stated that approximately 40 persons from various foreign countries, who, in general, are employed in positions on a policy-making level, are invited by the International Seminar. He stated these persons are highly placed economically and politically in their own nation and that through them the International Seminar hopes to place American policy in a favorable light in these foreign nations.

KISSINGER stated he has jurisdiction in the naming of these individuals to attend the Seminar.

On July 10, 1953 there arrived at his office approximately 40 letters addressed to all individuals slated to appear at the Seminar. These letters were postmarked Providence, Rhode Island and dated 6:30 p.m., July 9, 1953. According to KISSINGER, all the letters gave evidence they had been typed on the same typewriter. He opened one such letter addressed to [name blacked out] who, as of July 10, 1953 had not appeared at the Seminar session. Enclosed in an inner envelope was an eight-page flyer captioned, "A Few Grains of Truth". The flyer, in general, was highly critical of the American atom bomb project and set out what purported to represent the shame and anguish of the American population on American preparation for war.

The flyer advocated, "There is no other way but for each firmly to resolve that life must be dedicated to peaceful endeavor. . . . .".

KISSINGER stated he did not know how the unknown individual or individuals who had forwarded these flyers to members of the Seminar had obtained the list of its members.

He stated, however, that five general sources could have had information on the identity of the participants of the Seminar. He listed these as:

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald, James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel, Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

John Alcorn, Marshall Arisman, Tony Auth, Seymour Chwast, Robert Grossman, Frances Jetter, Ed Koren, David Levine, Lou Myers, Ed Sorel **illustrate it.**

Victor Navasky **edits it.**

We've changed the face of *The Nation*. The new *Nation* is something to see.

Why is today's *Nation*, from editorial to the arts, wiser and wittier than anything in the field? The answer is in the people who write it, illustrate it, and edit it.

Join them. Say "yes" to our enticing offer in the coupon.

The Nation.

72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of *The Nation* at the low introductory rate of $9.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. For saving you billing costs, I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 (special discount offer) for one full year (47 issues).

Add $5 for postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign subscriptions. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2042

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Newspapers who were given a news release and who will received [*sic*], perhaps, 40 such subsequent news releases in the weeks to come.
2. Guest speakers who are to address the participants.
3. Those people asked to extend hospitality to the participants and to provide weekend relaxation for them.
4. Former Governor ROBERT BRADFORD of Massachusetts who suggested the names of several guest speakers.
5. Members of the staff of the Harvard "Crimson", student undergraduate daily newspaper at Harvard College.

KISSINGER stated that the flyer on the surface appears to be well written and no doubt will cause some discussion in meetings of the Seminar. He stated that he intends to show no alarm, whatsoever, concerning the article and will "play it down" in his discussions.

He stated he will not refute the article inasmuch as to do so would increase its importance through giving it a second hearing. He promised to provide to the Boston Division any additional information at similar attempts to provide this type of literature to participants in the Seminar.

KISSINGER identified himself as an individual who is strongly sympathetic to the FBI and added he is now employed as a Consultant to the U.S. Army and is a former CIC [Counter-Intelligence Corps] Agent who, approximately in mid August, 1953, will engage in a two-week tour of duty for his CIC detachment.

Boston will retain two copies of the flyer, "A Few Grains of Truth" and will enclose two additional copies for perusal by the Central Research Division at the Bureau.

KISSINGER noted that four copies of the flyer had been enclosed in the letter to the Seminar participant and presumed that the person who wrote the letters meant the Seminar participant to distribute the flyer.

Boston will take no additional action in this matter unless called back by KISSINGER. Steps will be taken, however, to make KISSINGER a Confidential Source of this Division.

- RUC

Written in longhand at the end of the memorandum is the notation "Being handled separately" followed by an undecipherable initial. Appended to the memorandum is the flyer that Kissinger obtained from the envelope the F.B.I. agent reported he had opened.

Some questions remain.

Did Kissinger succeed in determining who leaked the names of the seminar participants? If so, did he inform the F.B.I.? Did Kissinger serve as a "Confidential Source" and, if so, when did this relationship terminate? Did Kissinger, as in the episode discussed in the memorandum, prefer to work voluntarily?

Efforts to answer these questions have so far failed; the F.B.I. has not provided all the documents I have requested concerning its relations with colleges and universities, including Harvard, during the McCarthy period.

Still other questions remain. Did Kissinger's students, for example, know that in speaking to him they were speaking to a "former" counterintelligence "agent" still engaged in intelligence activity? Did Kissinger's colleagues on the Harvard faculty know it? Did the authorities at Harvard University know it? If so, did they approve of his activities, or was it a matter over which they had no control?

Answers to these questions, and to others more important, might be provided by the documents in Harvard's own archives but, grudging as the F.B.I. is in disclosing what is in its files, Harvard is even more grudging—and there is no Freedom of Information Act to permit even limited access to its documents. Despite a number of requests from scholars for permission to look at the Harvard documents from the McCarthy period, Harvard has refused to make an exception to its established policy that administrative records are closed for a period of fifty years after their creation. In his letter rejecting the appeal of those who had requested permission to use the Harvard archives, President Derek Bok wrote, "There does not appear to be much which can be gained by granting an exception at this time. The records will remain intact, and future historians of Harvard and higher education will have access to them when fifty years have elapsed. Whatever can be learned from the events of the 1950's will then be available to society, with the perspective that only the passage of time can provide."

The official announcement of President Bok's decision was made in *The Harvard Gazette* of December 9, 1977, the very day on which, in an impressive public ceremony, Harvard opened the papers of A. Lawrence Lowell on the Sacco-Vanzetti case—fifty years after their execution. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Mean to Me

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

BREAKING RANKS. *By Norman Podhoretz. Harper & Row. 375 pp. $15.*

Making It, the Manhattan literary scandal of the late 1960s, was, much as scornful reviewers asserted, the artifact of a self-adoring *arriviste*, overwhelmed by his ascent at the tender age of 30 to the editorship of *Commentary*. Lionel Trilling, Podhoretz's Columbia College teacher and sponsor at the magazine, recommended sensibly that his sometime disciple suppress the manuscript. For one thing, its style must have appalled that master of mandarin prose. Few Podhoretz paragraphs were free of literary allusions, dropped names, pretensions to omniscience, dashes, parentheses, and shoals, barely avoided, of run-on grammatical construction. A typical sentence went like this: "Once in the White House, of course, Kennedy did carry himself like a *gentleman* (the kind of person, as Yeats once said, who is thought not to be too much occupied with getting on), and taking him for such (his famous 'style'), most liberals finally came to adore him." Of course.

Crass egocentricity is rarely attractive. Podhoretz's critics were equally offended by the cattiness of his comments upon his numerous enemies, many of them his literary betters. To dub Martin and Clement Greenberg the "Boss" concealed their identities from not a soul in the know and probably interested almost nobody west of the Hudson River or north of the Spuyten Duyvil. Not least aggravating in a text cluttered with invitations to rage was the calm assumption that the entire literary universe was as obsessively self-seeking and as little concerned with principle and policy as Podhoretz. *Making It* was a work of self-advertisement barely tolerable in a genuinely talented writer like Norman Mailer, but excessive, to make the judgment gently, on the part of a young man who had published a handful of flashy book reviews and climbed no greasy pole more challenging than the masthead of *Commentary*.

Nevertheless, *Making It* was charged with the sort of crude vitality that made it easy reading, like other examples of literary pornography. Someone like myself who had preceded Podhoretz at Columbia College by a decade and who wrote fairly often for *Commentary* was easily hooked on the gossip of the chronicle. Did Lionel Trilling and Fred Dupee really award A+'s to our Norman? In my time, no such grade inflated the registrar's transcripts, but students might have improved or standards declined by the time Podhoretz arrived.

Moreover, an occasional touch of compunction did leaven the heavy dough of self-congratulation. There is more to be said about *Commentary*'s shameless encouragement of McCarthyism and sadistic relish in the misfortunes of its victims than this assessment betrays: ". . . there can be little question that the hard anti-Communists were more concerned with fighting what they took to be misconceptions of the nature of Soviet Communism than with fighting the persecution to which so many people were being subject in the early fifties; and it shames me to say that I shared fully in their brutal insensitivity on this issue." Still, a rather handsome admission.

I have lingered on *Making It* for two reasons. Its sequel broods darkly over the furious reception of the 1967 volume. Moreover, *Breaking Ranks* is so much worse than its predecessor that I have been inclined to postpone the moment when it must be examined. However, justice must be done. The first book's discussion of people was indiscreet and mean-spirited. The tone of the second is almost unrelievedly vindictive. The Greenbergs were mean to Norman because they envied this rising young critic and contender for the minds and hearts of the American Jewish Committee which subsidizes *Commentary*. He attributes the hostile responses of reviewers to their fear of offending political fashion, the New Left radicalism of Berkeley. As between *The New York Review*, in whose founding Jason Epstein, an ex-friend, was involved, and Norman's own magazine, "Berkeley thus resolved itself into a conflict of loyalties—loyalty to radicalism as against loyalty to intellectual standards." We all know which side Norman was on. Stalwarts of the past like William Phillips and Philip Rahv were "radicalized by a desire to get on what looked like the winning side." Thus it was that *Partisan Review* invited Mailer to review *Making It* and, sad to say, the commissars of the new radicalism were powerful enough to "intimidate" even that other Norman or, in Podhoretz's own words, ". . . when confronted with the full force of the opposition to *Making It*, and realizing that in defending it he would in all probability unleash the 'terror' against himself as well, he simply lost his nerve." As who would not when threatened with visitation by the literary secret police. In Norman's unrolling of his tale, the literary elite could no more forgive him for his lonely return to traditional "intellectual standards" than for his revelation of their dirty little secret—repressed yearnings for fame and financial success.

Can we wonder that Norman needed new friends and new thoughts? Disappointed by, among others, Paul Goodman, Norman Mailer, Staughton Lynd, Irving Howe, Edgar Friedenberg, Norman Brown, Hans Morgenthau, Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Jason Epstein, Hannah Arendt and, hardest blow of all, Lionel Trilling, our hero dauntlessly nominated new companions for his painful trudge through the lowlands and swamps of middle age toward the spiritual serenity of senior citizenship. Parenthetically, I note that one of this dreadful book's few consolations to someone born in 1920 is the perpetrator's photograph on the book jacket—the spitting image of a central banker age 70 who has just plunged his country into a depression for its own good.

The new allies? They are an exciting selection from the letterheads of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, the Committee on the Present Danger, and Social Democrats, U.S.A.—the anti-Michael Harrington wing of the defunct American Socialist Party.

What a thrilling magazine *Commentary* has become! The October lineup featured articles on black anti-

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, the City University of New York, and a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Semitism, the apostasy of Willy Brandt and the Socialist International, a new Soviet threat and female Conservative rabbis, supplemented by a nasty assault on Peter Steinfels's excellent book, *The Neoconservatives*, a condescending put-down of Elizabeth Drew's favorable report of a week in the life of Senator John Culver (of whom the reviewer had never heard, and no doubt vice versa), and an item by Richard Pipes, one of the hardest of the anti-Soviet hard-liners. For years now, the magazine has been completely predictable, utterly humorless, entirely unconcerned with the traditional liberal agenda of incremental reform and burdened on every page by the leaden prose style of its master.

Is there more and worse still to be said? Yes. The main body of the text is flanked by two maudlin letters to Norman's son, John. The first purports to be an explanation of how his father once thought all those dangerous thoughts and then, seeing the light on the right, anchored his intellectual barge in safe, neoconservative harbor. The second letter, which ends the book, attacks homosexuality and mourns over those men who refuse to become fathers and those women who will not be mothers.

Home at last, Norman has found his antidote to the "plagues" of radicalism and egalitarianism which imperil our national existence: "The politics of interest promises neither salvation nor the experience of spiritual transcendence that radicalism pretends to offer. It promises only the satisfactions that come from acting out of respect for oneself and out of responsibility toward those extensions of oneself—one's family and the groups and communities to which one belongs, whether by birth or by voluntary choice—that an openness to life inevitably creates."

One of fate's bad jokes on Norman is the identity of the black whom he praises as an ally. He is none other than, well, hearken: ". . . leaders like Jesse Jackson have begun to preach an ethic of self-help and individual responsibility." Enough. I suppose one reason to glance at this book is Norman's reasonable claim to a role in promoting his great friend Pat Moynihan to the Senate.

By their works must we know them. □

(Advertisement)

WANTED: NATIONAL PUBLIC INTEREST GROUP IS FORMING A MOBILE ADVOCACY TEAM TO HELP CITIZENS AFFECTED BY LOCAL ENVIRONMENTAL DISASTERS (E.G., FUTURE KEPONE, PBB, LOVE CANAL TRAGEDIES). POSITIONS INCLUDE SCIENTIST,, ATTORNEY, COMMUNITY ORGANIZER, AND WRITER/RESEARCHER. SHOULD BE DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT INDUSTRIAL TOXICS, CARCINOGENS, WASTE DISPOSAL, AND CLEAN WATER ISSUES. MUST BE WILLING TO TRAVEL 80%. SALARY $7,000 AND UP. SEND RESUME AND WRITING SAMPLE TO K. BARNETT, P.O. BOX 19367, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036.

She Gets No Kick In a Plane

RICHARD LINGEMAN

CANNIBALS AND MISSIONARIES. *By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 369 pp. $10.95.*

Reading Mary McCarthy's new novel, *Cannibals and Missionaries*, makes one worry about an apparent shortage of literary settings for novelists who trade in ideas, wit and observation of manners. Why else has McCarthy concocted a novel about an airliner hijacking? Concocted it with great care and verisimilitude too, complete with the right type of NATO helicopter to ferry the hostages to their hideaway and sound perceptions of the psychological behavior of captives.

She has also assembled a crack band of top-grade terrorists—properly fanatical and menacing, but intelligent, plausibly motivated and harboring weaknesses like everybody else. Definitely not the sleazy psychopaths and forlorn loners brandishing phony bottles of nitroglycerin, nor the *outré* advocates of freedom for some obscure ethnic group who seem to be doing most of the hijacking these days.

I can only assume that McCarthy adopted the hijacking device because she was pressed for a suitable fictional venue in which her shrewdly cast group of liberals, wealthy dilettantes and dedicated revolutionaries could perform. With these sharply drawn character types, articulate and representative in the case of the liberals, and devastatingly obtuse in the case of the rich, we might reasonably expect—given McCarthy's intelligence and political sophistication—a compelling symposium on a number of issues of our times, plus clashes of class and politics, respectively, between the liberals and the rich, and the liberals and the revolutionaries. In other words, ideas, talk, love, hate—people in the pressure cooker of captivity, in which essential psychological and social juices are sweated out.

Some of that we do get, especially in the first part of the book before the hijacking, as the ad hoc committee of liberals bound for Iran to investigate torture in the Shah's dungeons are assembled. But then, one-quarter into the book, McCarthy must deal with the logistics of the hijack and tinker with the mechanics of the plot; soon our potentially exhilarating mix has dissolved into a rather tepid soup.

When she is writing about people in social situations, McCarthy is fine, but a hijacked 747 is the wrong matrix. These people are the ingredients of a McCarthy-patented realistic intellectual comedy. It is as though they are in search of a 1979 version of Heartbreak House, or maybe a Wildean drawing room, or a grove of academe—a place where talk can flow, the new order confront the old, social types play off against one another. Nothing so lofty as a Magic Mountain, but maybe the Catoctins. And if the author's game is showing a motley group of people thrown together *in extremis*, then there should be revealing clashes. I have in mind something resembling Alfred Hitchcock's *Lifeboat* with, say, the fictional analogues of Zbigniew Brzezinski, Henry Kissinger, Michael Harrington, Diane Keaton, Clare Boothe Luce and—well, name your own cast—aboard. Instead, we have a rather dispirited group sequestered in a nice bourgeois Dutch farmhouse who eat,

Richard Lingeman is executive editor of The Nation.

Advertise in
The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleep and defecate under guard, while the plot machinery clanks in the background like an auxiliary generator.

McCarthy starts promisingly, as mentioned. I liked her mixed grill of American liberals—Aileen Simmons, president of Lucy Skinner College, too much makeup and, at 50, yearning to get married, but likable, smart, businesslike; the Rev. Frank Barber, your familiar liberal Episcopalian rector, who in the middle of enjoying his *café au lait* during a stopover in Paris suddenly frowns: "He had remembered torture and illegality." Then there is a sweet old Episcopal bishop, who fought the good fight for social justice in the 1920s and 1930s, nips from a hip flask and dies at a convenient point in the story. And a handsome, silver-haired Senator named Jim Carey, who is Eugene McCarthy to a "T" (and a better portrait you'd be hard pressed to find); a courageous Dutch social democrat named Henk Van Vliet de Jonge, who also writes poetry and is a mouthpiece for the lectures on the Netherlands McCarthy too frequently lays on the reader (she should draw on this material for a travel book), and two rather scruffy academics, one of whom has Central Intelligence Agency connections, it is revealed. I reveal it in full confidence of not spoiling the suspense of the story since of that there is very little.

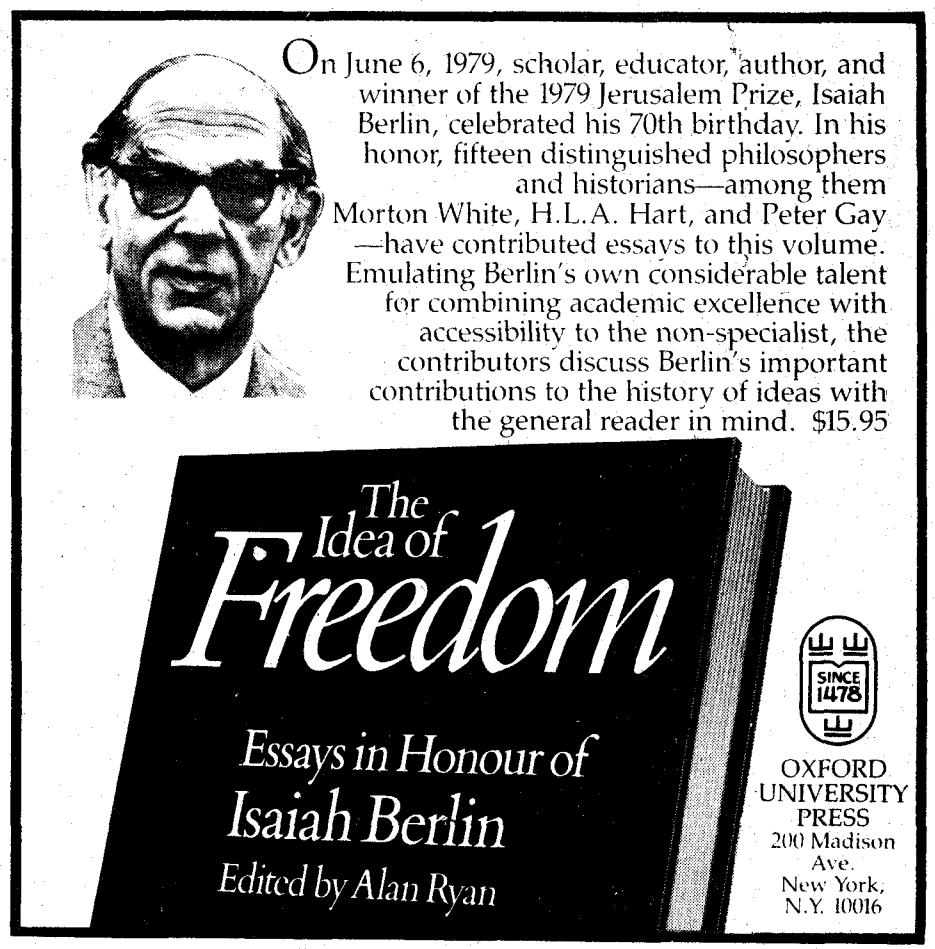
Indeed, while McCarthy has evoked the conditions of captivity vividly, one is never terribly worried about the hostages' lives. Only hard-core thriller fiends will mind that, and they shouldn't have picked up a book by Mary McCarthy anyhow. I mention it, though, because it is a small symptom of a larger offhandedness—a glancingness—about this novel. The novel is like an Aspen conference attracting a lot of star academic names that falls flat—or rather drones on inconclusively. The promised sparks between the economy-class liberals and the wealthy collectors are smothered. In the farmhouse, the latter get along fine with the liberals, complain about discomforts, and leave the stage when their time comes. No doubt it would be like that in real life but an opportunity is missed. Moreover, these rich are so loftily classé, and so thoroughly out of it, that there is not much point in doing more than satirizing them, which McCarthy does in a kind of collective monologue in which she mimics with devastating fidelity their views of life. But it is rather nice satire—the kind of café-society thing Cole Porter did in his songs mingled with the fatuous innocents of Helen Hokinson's cartoons.

The wealthy collectors are only brought in, after all, because they own priceless works of art, providing not only a plot twist that is not really needed but, more to the point, a chance for McCarthy to bring in her thoughts on art. These, as she says in her Acknowledgements, so impressed the late Hannah Arendt, who heard them delivered in a lecture called "Art Values and the Value of Art," that Arendt told McCarthy, "You should draw on that for a novel." This, I will irresponsibly guess, is not the novel Arendt had in mind, but let it pass, and we do get some views, from a variety of mouths, on art for the moneyed elite versus art for the masses, the social role of art, art and politics, etc. But the ideas are not really engaged; instead they are broken up and scattered about indiscriminately among various characters.

As for the liberal-revolutionary confrontation, it too fizzles out, a victim of McCarthy's inveterate reductive analysis. Senator Carey-McCarthy, for example, reminisces about his children's crusade against the Vietnam War, and thinks: "But what has his own career of bucking the system netted in the long run? A few immediate gains compatible with the *status quo ante* and no fundamental change. He could claim the fall of Johnson and tempering of the war in Vietnam. But the fall of Johnson had eventuated in Nixon (which had to figure as a debit), and the war in Vietnam would have been winding down anyway."

Carey dismisses terrorism as another form of minority politics, and just as futile. Jeroen, the chief terrorist, bears him out. He who regarded direct action as the only art—pure, without hope of changing society, but capable of shaking up the hated bourgeoisie and social democratic reformers—in the end becomes besotted with a Vermeer brought in to ransom off one of the wealthy collectors and, like Narcissus falling in love with his image in the pool, drowns in beauty—a last-minute transformation that is rung in too suddenly.

Only the "New Journalist," Sophie Weil, who had tagged along with the liberal group, is affected by the ideas on


On June 6, 1979, scholar, educator, author, and winner of the 1979 Jerusalem Prize, Isaiah Berlin, celebrated his 70th birthday. In his honor, fifteen distinguished philosophers and historians—among them Morton White, H.L.A. Hart, and Peter Gay—have contributed essays to this volume. Emulating Berlin's own considerable talent for combining academic excellence with accessibility to the non-specialist, the contributors discuss Berlin's important contributions to the history of ideas with the general reader in mind. $15.95
The Idea of Freedom
Essays in Honour of Isaiah Berlin
Edited by Alan Ryan
SINCE 1478
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art and idealism that have been popping up fitfully in the farmhouse, and she speaks rather tentatively in the end, through her diary. Her remarks on Jeroen's idealism being necessary to overcome social inertia prompt the Rev. Frank Barber to observe that he too admired Jeroen's idealism, but it "could have been turned to a more progressive purpose—gradual betterment of the old society. . . . Platitudinous yet how else can you say it?" Pure action, Jeroen believed, describes a perfect circle, returning back upon itself, and *Cannibals and Missionaries* describes its own circle and returns to a platitude—or rather the flatness that results when all views sink back into their common element. At the center of a circle is emptiness, and at the center of this novel there is an emptiness—a missing presence, the presence of the passionate heart and mind of the author herself. □

The Music of What Happens

DONALD HALL

SELECTED POEMS 1950-1975. *By Thom Gunn. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 131 pp. $10.95.*

FIELD WORK. *By Seamus Heaney. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 64 pp. $8.95.*

Eliot wrote of James that he was "difficult for English readers because he is an American; and . . . for Americans, because he is European. . . ." Thom Gunn reverses the direction. An English poet who has lived in California for most of the last twenty-five years, Gunn is largely ignored in America because he is English, which is to say we tend not to read poets we call Englishmen. In England Gunn is still read, but he is no longer automatically paired with Ted Hughes, or grouped with Philip Larkin in the elite—lately swelled by the arrival of Seamus Heaney and the recognition of Geoffrey Hill; he is not ignored but bypassed as no longer a local chap. There is about his name the slight flavor of exoticism, attributable not only to his residence but to a subject matter of motorcycle gangs and tattoo parlors.

Some poets who suffer their reputations have positively constructed them. Gunn's willful exile or assumed estrangement takes up certain burdens in exchange for certain liberties. I have the sense that his situation—nationless, speechless, placeless, almost a name without an address—suits him exactly, and makes for him the kind of island Yeats was always imagining: a vantage point, a place to write poems out of. If I call him speechless I refer only to the accent that would pin him down, for his poems make compelling speech, constructing in their language a place for the placeless, ". . . the large gesture of solitary man,/Resisting, by embracing, nothingness." This language is perhaps described, though not in the poem's overt intention, by the beginning of "Vox Humana":

> Being without quality
> I appear to you at first
> as an unkempt smudge, a blur,
> an indefinite haze, merely pricking the eyes, almost
> nothing. Yet you perceive me.

For Gunn's is a voice that wishes to fly any nets that would entrap it, nets of family or nation or doctrine; he has cherished silence, exile and cunning in an American city. If his exile is a vantage point, it is also a vision: life pared down to its nakedness. "Confessions of the Life Artist" ends with the Rilkean death of the sun:

> The art of designing life
> is no excuse for that life.
>
> People will forget Shakespeare.
> He will lie with George Formby
> and me, here where the swine root.
> Later, the solar system
> will flare up and fall into
> space, irretrievably lost.
>
> For the loss, as for the life,
> there will be no excuse, there
> is no justification.

Because there is nothing, therefore he will embrace it.

This *Selected Poems* is a remarkable book, consistent in its bleak detachment, varied in style and manner, an anthology of changing voices chanting the same song. It starts with the young poet, a Cambridge undergraduate, writing vigorous stanzas of pentameter, poems constructed of large conceits inventively fleshed out.

> The huge wound in my head began to heal
> About the beginning of the seventh week.
> Its valleys darkened, its villages became still:
> For joy I did not move and dared not speak,
> Not doctors would cure it, but time, its patient skill.

The language begins as English and progresses toward American. The iambic pentameter of the early "On the Move" ends a line "always toward, toward." If the last words are pronounced as the American monosyllable, "tord," the line will not scan and collapses on the page; pronounced as the English "to-*ward*, to-*ward*," the meter picks itself up after the medial inversion of "always" and strides to its appropriate conclusion.

Along the way Gunn writes the best syllabic verse of his generation, notably in the title poem of an earlier volume, *My Sad Captains*:

> One by one they appear in
> the darkness: a few friends, and
> a few with historical
> names. How late they start to shine!
> but before they fade they stand
> perfectly embodied, all
>
> the past lapping them like a
> cloak of chaos. They were men
> who, I thought, lived only to
> renew the wasteful force they
> spent with each hot convulsion.
> They remind me, distant now.
>
> True, they are not at rest yet,
> but now that they are indeed
> apart, winnowed from failures,
> they withdraw to an orbit
> and turn with disinterested
> hard energy, like the stars.

No one has used so well the strange but defined shape of the syllabic stanza; he makes it seem as if it had been created to contain his own paradoxical detachment and willed connection.

In later works, some conviction departs from his metrical poems. English metrical writing at its best (Larkin, Hill) uses the line as a structural connection to 500 years, and in early Gunn this confidence is unquestioned. More recent poems show metrical wit and trickery which remind me more of American practitioners (Hecht) for whom meter seems less structure and allusion than ornament or decoration. "In the Tank" contains this *faux naif* final rhyming phrase:

> A man sat in the felon's tank, alone,
> Fearful, ungrateful, in a cell for two.
> And from his metal bunk, the lower one,
> He studied where he was, as felons do.

But by the end of this volume Gunn has assimilated the short-lined free-verse movement of American poetry that de-

Donald Hall's latest book is Kicking the Leaves *(Harper & Row).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scends from William Carlos Williams to the rest of us:

What did that
mean? Anyway next day
he was gone, with
all the money and dope
of the people he'd lived with.

The book ends with two poems in which Gunn becomes a dog and a cherry tree, creatures embraced as convincingly as nothingness.

Seamus Heaney's new volume is *Field Work*, containing poems written since *North* in 1976. *North* was a superb volume; I suppose *Field Work* is even better, though it is possible that I merely hear more of his voice as I come to know him better. Heaney is as located as Gunn is placeless. But with an Irish poet nothing is ever so simple. Heaney's land is Ireland, heaven knows; but what Ireland? He is a northerner who lives in the south; he writes the English inherited from centuries of oppression, sweetened by the excellence of earlier Anglo-Irish poetry. These conflicts make for energy, I suspect. If Heaney is the best Irish poet since Yeats, a sentiment often expressed, it is less known that there are half a dozen other living Irishmen who could run for the title without fear of disgrace.

Heaney's subjects in *Field Work* range from troubles in Ireland to skunks in California, but his geographical spread never suggests the tourist. The voice speaks of love with an astonishing and wholly captivating tenderness. It speaks as well of violence, desire and memory, and it speaks with deliberate intelligence—willful, diligent and playful. For all the qualities I list, the most important is *song*, the tune Heaney sings which is poetry's tune, resolutions of cherished language. This is the first section of the title poem:

Where the sally tree went pale in every
breeze,
where the perfect eye of the nesting
blackbird watched,
where one fern was always green

I was standing watching you
take the pad from the gatehouse at the
crossing
and reach to lift a white wash off the
whins.

I could see the vaccination mark
stretched on your upper arm, and
smell the coal smell
of the train that comes between us, a
slow goods,

waggon after waggon full of big-eyed
cattle.

American poets seem *shy* of making lines like the last one here, as if it were pretentious to lay out a line like a gift. American poets, all eye and imagination, lack song which is poetry's body. If they can journey to an alien place for it, they should arise and go to Ireland and to Seamus Heaney. Here is a small whole poem:

SONG

A rowan like a lipsticked girl.
Between the by-road and the main
road
Alder trees at a wet and dripping
distance
Stand off among the rushes.

There are the mud-flowers of dialect
And the immortelles of perfect pitch
And that moment when the bird sings
very close
To the music of what happens.

To sing "the music of what happens" is an ambition appropriate not only to birds. □

FILMS

NORA SAYRE

Alfred Hitchcock has often forced us to feel like voyeurs: sometimes, we're encouraged to enjoy the experience, as in *Rear Window*; elsewhere—as in the hotel bedroom at the opening of *Psycho*—he makes us uncomfortable, because we're watching those who assume that they're unobserved, who trust their own privacy. Of course some moralists have always felt that the act of seeing can be semi-sinful—that it's akin to spying, or damaging to the dignity of others. In *Peeping Tom*, the British film maker Michael Powell—Hitchcock's friend for fifty years—unravels the psychosis of a man compelled to observe what he destroys and to destroy what he observes: namely, the terrified women whom he films before and while he kills them. For him, their fear is an aphrodisiac—it's more exciting than the murders that are his substitutes for sex, and his rapture peaks while he gazes at his deadly footage.

Obsession (as in Powell's *The Red Shoes*), fantasy (as in his *Stairway to Heaven*) and the elegant humor that

Nora Sayre, a former film critic for The New York Times, *is the author of* Sixties Going on Seventies. *She is now working on a book about the 1950s.*

JOHNNY CAN'T WRITE.

Neither can Jane. Nor several generations of Americans. *The Great American Writing Block*, the first book to investigate the problem, takes a penetrating look at why writing in America is becoming a vanishing skill and a lost art. And what can be done about it.

"Challenging, controversial and important."
—Cleveland Press

"Provocative ... may raise some hackles."
—The New York Times Book Review

The Great American Writing Block
by **Thomas C. Wheeler**

The Viking Press
Dept ATE-NAT
625 Madison Avenue,
New York 10022

Please send me _____copies of THE GREAT AMERICAN WRITING BLOCK @ $8.95. I enclose $_____total. (Please add necessary tax and $1.00 per copy for shipping.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____State _____Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pervade the films he made with Emeric Pressburger, blend with an affection for the sinister. This director respects peril, whether its source is a vast Scottish whirlpool or a refined neighbor who walks much too quietly overhead. Here, I should admit a lifelong addiction to Powell's work: my allowance was nearly stopped when I was 12 because I went to *I Know Where I'm Going* for five weeks in a row (it was thought that I should expose myself to some other movies). Details from Powell's films have never left me: the drops of sweat on the crazed nun's forehead in *Black Narcissus*, the sweeping gestures of Pamela Brown as she welcomes a guest or summons a dog in *I Know Where . . .*, the chalky faces and widened eyes of *The Red Shoes*. While Powell's movies tap a spectator's latent romanticism, irony hovers nearby as a corrective, a reproof to sentimentality. Powell can also convey sexual attraction as I've rarely seen it on the screen; even though (or just because) his characters may be at odds, their mutual arousal is exhilarating.

Although *Tom*—released in 1960 and recently shown in New York at the Quad—doesn't soar with Powell's choicest movies, there are many sequences to savor. I've long been partial to the soft-spoken, well-behaved murderer: Carl Boehm endows the voyeur with a sleek, blond gentility whose quavering politeness makes him expert at deception, and the actor persuades us that this person really likes killing. (Another director might have made him a dirty old man, which would have been tiresome.) Moira Shearer, dancing happily just before her death—which we foresee but she doesn't—sheds charm with every movement; as an acerbic, blind alcoholic, Maxine Audley is formidable though literally helpless; Esmond Knight is crossly amusing as an exasperated movie director tormented by disaster on his set. Anna Massey—who then resembled a highly intelligent goldfish—prowls about in the tradition of those heroines who can't resist forbidden basements or locked doors or drawers; such persistent but imperceptive young women have been crucial to suspense for more than a century, and it's easy to see why the eternal snoops often drive murderers mad. Though the substance of *Tom* is dramatic, the approach isn't: much of the film is deliberately low-keyed, which heightens the impact of the images—the pure profile of a young Soho model whose head turns suddenly to expose a deformed lip, or the sounds of dripping fluids in the killer's darkroom.

Obviously, Powell relishes the idea that fear is frightening. Although tension is diluted by a throbbing musical score, and the script is overlaced with Freud, these were traits of the movies of twenty years ago. Hence *Tom* must be seen in the context of the period; in 1960, who had heard of snuff films? Lately, we've been schooled to the notion that the things exist, and we're harsher in our acceptance of facts, even if they appall us. Therefore, while the movie isn't terribly unnerving today, I think that it must have been two decades ago—when we were more susceptible because our imaginations provided some of the shocks that the camera bestows now. (We don't witness the murders; instead, Powell wisely evokes them through the responses of others.) Still, it's astounding that British critics savaged the picture on moral grounds; it was swiftly withdrawn from circulation, and it lacerated Powell's career. But we can look forward to the retrospective of his films that the Museum of Modern Art will unfurl in November 1980; anticipating *The Edge of the World*, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* and many others, my gratitude is tinged with greed and impatience at having to wait for a year.

Killers nurtured by neurosis are as familiar to any neighborhood as mailmen—perhaps more so, as the postal service continues to decline. Despite one notable psychopath, *The Onion Field*, scripted by former detective sergeant Joseph Wambaugh from his book, and directed by Harold Becker, conforms to a genre of the 1970s: as an action film with almost no excitement. It's harrowing and glum and sometimes thoughtful, but this account of two minor hoods who are retried for many years after murdering a policeman is so scattery in its development that it's hard to care who suffers or survives.

In its better moments, the movie shows that the police are as vulnerable to fear—and violence—as anyone else, and it is an advance on reactionary cop movies like *Magnum Force*. But much of it has no focus. In a muddled way, *Onion Field* implies that criminals don't feel guilt but policemen do: John Savage, the officer who escaped after his partner was shot to death, succumbs to suicidal depression, haunted by the conviction that he mishandled a lethal situation. Savage, whose talent for malaise excelled in *Hair*, is skillful at being miserably repressed: his tight mouth suggests rectal agony, but he has no other dimension.

The script doesn't clamor for capital punishment. But it complains about prisoners' rights to new trials and to delaying courtroom tactics; also that our legal system is devoted to technicalities rather than to justice, and that lengthy trials are utterly demoralizing for prosecutors and policemen. While we're assured that this is a "true" case, some scenes are emotionally unconvincing, as when the voice of Savage's small daughter prevents him from blowing his brains out. As the narrative sags, *Onion Field* takes refuge in bathos: the dead man played bagpipes, which recur with turgid regularity on the soundtrack whenever we're supposed to feel mournful.

However, the performance of James Woods as a partially unhinged killer is painfully enlivening—he seems threatening even when he's giving someone a present. Light glints off his silvery dental fillings as quick smiles reveal clenched teeth, and his potential sadism is unveiled when he asks hopefully if his gun hurts his captive's ribs. Malign and resourceful, controlled when not ablaze, Woods has some of the ominous intensity of the youthful Richard Widmark. The film makers are careful to keep their villain repellent, and yet the production defeats some of their intentions because we're restless when Woods is off the screen. *Onion Field* displays a debt to *In Cold Blood*, but Wambaugh wasn't able to make his victims live and breathe. Confused law and order movies like this one could render the audience indifferent to the issues that are explored; botched melodrama tends to be numbing. □

Give money.
Even more, give understanding.

United Cerebral Palsy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the foreground are the high chairs, like thrones, of the shoeshine men, with rugs on the sidewalk and flowered umbrellas above. Behind is a parking lot and next to that, a long, low Blimpie's and above it a mural. The Blimpie sign overlaps the mural and so from some angles does the large "Park/Lock" sign on the corner, but the mural is robust enough to resist the competition. It occupies the side wall of the Anco movie theater on the canopy of which, at the time of writing, is the legend: "Ruthless Hit Men Kill for Dollars. In Color." In the expanse of skyline, visible because of the cleared lot, is a tangle of water towers, fire escapes and other hardware, dominated by a tall stone building in Northern Renaissance style. This is 42nd Street and 8th Avenue, the corner across from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

The mural, reading from left to right, goes from night to day, in color from dark blues to light blues, in iconography from oppression to freedom. Flowing in from the left is a vista of marching morons, puppets manipulated by a pair of giant hands in the sky. In the center of the mural against dizzily angled skyscrapers, two figures fight convulsively to break the puppets' strings. They are aided by a standing figure with an incandescent head who directs a shaft of light, inscribed with electronic symbols, at the puppets. This figure, Halo Man, surely symbolizes education, the transmission of saving knowledge. On his side of the mural there is a fiery symbolic bird and a pastoral landscape. The imagery is legible to anyone able to think allegorically, and it is presented with melodramatic immediacy. It is in the exhortative mode of Mexican murals, updated by the stormy stereotypes of Marvel comic books.

A letter writer to *The New York Times* a year or two ago deplored the fact that visitors to the city, leaving the bus terminal, were exposed to this gross spectacle. He did not mind the sex shows but presumably recognized the ethnic references of style and imagery in the mural, and recoiled from them. Though the figures are nonspecific racially, the theme of manipulation (the puppets' strings) is unmistakable. The style of the mural evokes neither the traveling nor the cruising populations of the area but suggests Hispanic life a few blocks west in what is still sometimes called Hell's Kitchen.

The mural "Phoenix" was painted in 1975 and, apart from scabby patches of paint, it is still in good shape. It is a product of Cityarts Workshop, founded in 1968 to encourage community-based mural painting. Jim Jannuzzi, the "Phoenix" project director, has been associated with Cityarts Workshop since its foundation, and he worked with seven artists on the wall, all of them from the Lower East Side. Generally, however, Cityarts murals are designed in consultation with the neighborhood that is to house them, and carried out by local people under a project director. There are a bunch of these murals on the Lower East Side, but "Phoenix" is unique for its commercial site. It inserts into the sign-heavy environment an iconography in opposition to the imagery of girls, goods and services that crowd the area. Though the working situation of "Phoenix" was different from that of the other Cityarts projects (the artists were not locals), its style is typical in its mixture of the phantasmagoric and the moralistic.

"Phoenix" has the highest visibility of all Cityarts projects. No doubt more

TWO NEW PANTHEON DOCUMENTARY COMIC BOOKS

The joy of $E=MC^2$

Amusing, irreverent, and sophisticated...A highly accessible introduction to Einstein's life and thought in his centenary year.

EINSTEIN FOR BEGINNERS
by Joseph Schwartz & Michael McGuinness
$2.95, paper ($8.95, cloth)

Neurosis, Psychosis, Libido...and more

A delightful, remarkably clear introduction to Freud, the genius who revolutionized our attitudes towards sex, mental illness and the workings of the human mind.

FREUD FOR BEGINNERS
by Richard Appignanesi & Oscar Zarate
$2.95, paper ($8.95, cloth)

OTHER TITLES IN THIS TERRIFIC SERIES
(each $2.95, paper)

Lenin for Beginners
Text by Richard Appignanesi
Illustrations by Oscar Zarate

Marx for Beginners
by Rius

The Anti-Nuclear Handbook
Text by Stephen Croall
Illustrations by Kaianders

Now at your bookstore
PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my readers will have seen it than most of the subjects I write about. (Art critics are usually in the position of writing about works that the majority of their readers never see.) Numerous other murals, however, have been created during Cityarts's eleven summers. In 1979, for example, murals were completed at the following sites: 102-09 Northern Boulevard, Corona, Queens; 1590 East New York Avenue, 318 Livonia Avenue, and 49th Street and Church Avenue, Brooklyn; 974 East 156th Street, Bronx; 6th Street between Avenues A and B in Manhattan, and a small one on 8th Avenue for the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Many Cityarts projects are of necessity temporary. "Phoenix," for instance, can last only for as long as the parking lot. Like many of the neighborhood-based murals in Chicago, they flourish on the sides of demolition sites, due for eventual development. One long-term project of Cityarts, however, is in danger of premature extinction, according to the *Cityarts Newsletter* (obtainable from 525 East 6th Street, New York, New York 10009). At Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive and 123rd Street in New York City, there are long, undulating cement benches, covered with lyrical mosaics. They are in exotic contrast to the classical tomb, but have greatly increased the social amenity of the place. It is to be hoped that the National Park Service will not move against these benches, in place now for five years, as is threatened. □

FONDUE POT & BLOW TORCH

BLACKOUT COOKBOOK

The definitive treatment of the latest culinary trend -- coping when the lights go out. Whether your choice is Lutece or McDonald's, its power may be out too. Or the snow may be as high as an elephant's eye...

An unusual gift.

To order write your name and address on a piece of paper and send it, with $3 per copy, to
The Scapin Press, Inc.
9324 Kendrick Rd.
Richmond, VA, 23235

THEATER/FILM

HAROLD CLURMAN

Contrary to common assumption, art is not universal. Broadly speaking, the Germans resist Debussy, the French are indifferent to Brahms and Tchaikovsky; Racine and Strindberg, though critically highly esteemed among the Americans and the English, are for the most part alien to them. This occurred to me in seeing Andrzej Wajda's *The Young Girls of Wilko*, which, despite a largely favorable press, I hardly expect to be popular with us.

The film is rich with a melancholy beauty. There is little dramatic conflict or movement. Set in Poland after World War I, it is about a 40-year-old man who, while gifted with a delicate sensibility, suffers with an unfathomable lack of vital energy, a failure of will and nerve. It may be a pervasive awareness of the immanence of death. All the girls (and the mother) in a charming, well-to-do provincial family have a crush on him. But though not oblivious to their appeal, he never makes a serious effort to become involved with any of them. He refuses or misses all chances of an affair or a happy marriage and simply fades away into a haze of regret.

The French were most enthusiastic about the film, not only for its human and esthetic merits—a gracious time and environment are exquisitely evoked—but because it corresponds to a lyric sense of worldly evanescence or dissolution, the expression of which they treasure in much of their latter-day art. But when *we* talk of Armageddon and apocalypse, we envisage them melodramatically rather than romantically or in a mood of resignation.

It is an encouraging fact that there is still respect for the fighting spirit among us. A documentary called *The Wobblies* (the nickname for the I.W.W., or Industrial Workers of the World), composed of newsreels of several veterans of the movement (directed by Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer), was for me one of the happiest hits of the Film Festival. The I.W.W., be it said for those unacquainted with our labor history, made the first attempt to create one big union of the American working class.

Fervent applause, as a protest against the present lethargy in social action, resounded in the audience. One of the most remarkable features of the film was that though the Wobblies in their day—from about 1905 to 1917—were denounced as "foreign troublemakers" and "Bolsheviks," the few of their remaining representatives photographed in the film were unmistakably grassroots Americans, in whom we perceive a combination of innocence and toughness, a deeply rooted idealism and a benevolent resolve which under more knowledgeable leadership and more historically favorable circumstances might have resulted in much greater gains. America was not yet ready. Still, all solidarity of action, as exemplified by the I.W.W., brings about a degree of progress.

Ladyhouse Blues, by Kevin O'Morrison, is a play I reviewed favorably here in 1977 when it was produced under the Phoenix Theatre banner at the Marymount College establishment on East 71st Street. It has now been restaged at Saint Peter's Church in the Citicorp complex where, because of Actors' Equity regulations, it can play for only twenty performances—unless business warrants its removal to a larger house.

We are in a kitchen (in a run-down neighborhood in the St. Louis of 1919) inhabited by a widow and her four daughters. The dramatic style is reminiscent of the simple naturalism of the early 1920s, which aimed at the depiction of the ordinary folk of Middle America. The play centers on the devoutly evangelical Irish mother who rules her brood according to the moral precepts of a creed typical of her time and class. The daughters submit with some difficulty to the duties and discipline demanded of them. But they are all made sympathetic (sometimes sentimentally so), whether or not they are right in acceptance of or rebellion against the limitations of their condition. We very nearly envy these folk because they possess beliefs which, though often difficult to sustain, are essentially honorable.

The play's considerable humor comes from its meticulous observation of local

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manners and old-fashioned behavior. And though the alternating between angry resentment and loving kindness among the members of the family is sometimes repetitious, the total effect is heartwarming. This is due in large measure to Tony Giordano's direction, and to sound acting by Jo Henderson as the mother and by Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, Jobeth Williams and Wendy Fulton as her good-looking daughters. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Pope John Paul II certainly had plenty of attention during his visit here. Lately, it's been hard to get Roman Catholics, much less the general population, to attend even part of a Mass; nevertheless, ABC advertised the Pope's final Washington Mass: "Live! In its entirety!" And then there was the press release that tantalized us with: "Gavel-to-gavel coverage of the Pontiff's visit to Catholic University." "Gavel-to-gavel" is an expression that makes me think of Senate hearings.

What has been said by so many others bears repeating here—that the Pope is an undeniably attractive human being. But given the historical perspective which my age affords, I'm a little startled by the degree of attention he got. If Jack Kennedy were brought back to life, I venture to think he would have been surprised by the *popish* atmosphere abroad in the land; I imagine, too, a kind of stunned breathing emanating from his brother Ted, who got no mileage from the event, while Baptist Carter did.

If I do not altogether share in the overwhelming reaction to the Pope's visit, it has more to do with us than with him, but I do hope it may draw attention to a much smaller, yet related event—Brian Moore's adaptation of his own novel, *Catholics*, which was aired over PBS on Monday evening, October 29. Though it deservedly won a Peabody Award when it was first broadcast on CBS's *Playhouse 90* in 1974, few people saw it; when CBS, to its credit, reran it in 1975, the ratings were even more abysmal.

Though *Catholics* is sparer than the Pope John Paul Superproduction, it too concerns the Mass. The Pope came to remind us explicitly that the Mass is a daily miracle in which the Host literally is transformed into the body and blood of Christ. In *Catholics* the setting is sometime in the near future. The "Father General" (Raf Vallone) has sent a young priest, Father Kinsella (Martin Sheen), to an isolated abbey off the Irish coast to remind a stubborn old abbot (Trevor Howard) that, according to Vatican Council III, "the Mass is now to be regarded as a symbolic ritual."

The modishly dressed young priest (who couldn't have heard the Pope's admonition to the female religious on October 7 in Washington to "manifest their consecration to God in the permanent exterior sign of a simple and suitable religious garb") has also come to order the monks to desist from celebrating the Mass in Latin—a practice that has attracted earnest pilgrims and TV cameras from all over the world. It seems the world is much more avid for mystery and divine manifestations than are the leaders of Moore's futuristic church, which is now preoccupied with saving the world not through prayer but through political revolution. The young Father Kinsella expresses the desire to be "one of Father Hartman's revolutionaries overthrowing the governments in South America," and tells the old abbot how "they tortured Father Hartman so many times they broke his back." "Is it souls he's after, or the good of mankind?" asks the old man.

The confrontation between the two men thus allows us to consider the relationship between freedom and authority, faith and reason, body and soul, action and prayer. The actors are excellent, and though the dramatic intrigue contains suspense, Moore is not afraid of letting his characters engage in intellectual discussion of a serious nature.

What Moore does and what, in my presumption, I say the Pope has not been doing publicly, is to let a vital synthesis arise out of thesis and antithesis. Perhaps the Pope is embarked on such a process, and this possibility was suggested by some TV commentators. I suspect, however, that it is not even his role to do so, whereas Moore, as an artist, is unfettered and can permit his characters to follow out their thoughts and feelings wherever they may lead.

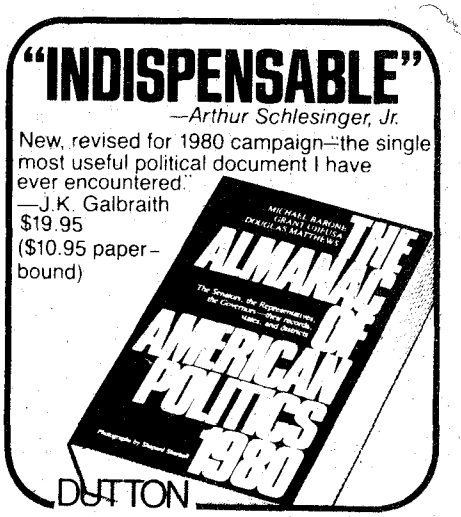
The Pope, after all, is the leader of the world's Catholics. Not Protestants. Not atheists or agnostics. If you are not avid for miracles, if you do not crave the structure afforded by priestly exercise of dogmatic authority, be something other than a Catholic. Multitudes have always been desperate for miracles and for authority, and it ought to be remembered that these needs are not unrelated to the power of an institution which has had an essentially reactionary history since the Middle Ages.

I was quite moved by the reality of these human needs, and reminded that I am not exempt from them, when in *Catholics* a young oafish-looking monk suddenly shrieks in despair on being told that henceforth, on orders from Rome, the Mass is to be understood as nothing more than a symbolic ritual. The possibility that there may be no miracles, nothing supernatural, is about to drive him mad. Ordinary compassion makes us want nothing better than to give him back his miracles. An older monk cites St. Augustine: "Without miracles there is no Christian touch."

This is a very strong scene and, as elsewhere, director Jack Gold insists it be underplayed. Emotion engenders thought rather than carrying us away from it.

To what extent will the Pope's visit engender thought, rather than carrying us away from it? His good humor and sense of fun make the question seem pompous, though he did come to say serious things. It is probably still more pompous to suggest that when he grinned and pointed his marvelous papal hat at the sun, which kept appearing out of the clouds wherever he appeared on that rainy day in New York, he was playing on the latent superstitiousness of human beings.

Yet there is something disturbing in it all. It is not the Pope who is so disturb-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing: nor does the fact that he took conservative positions here disturb me, for in my opinion this is only consistent with his role as spiritual leader of Catholics. What is more troubling is that his visit may not have engendered any reflection at all if people are in such deep despair about the problems that beset us that they are anxious not to think but terribly anxious to feel good. Their anxiety to do this may be so great that sometimes it didn't really seem to matter much *what* thoughts the Pope actually expressed.

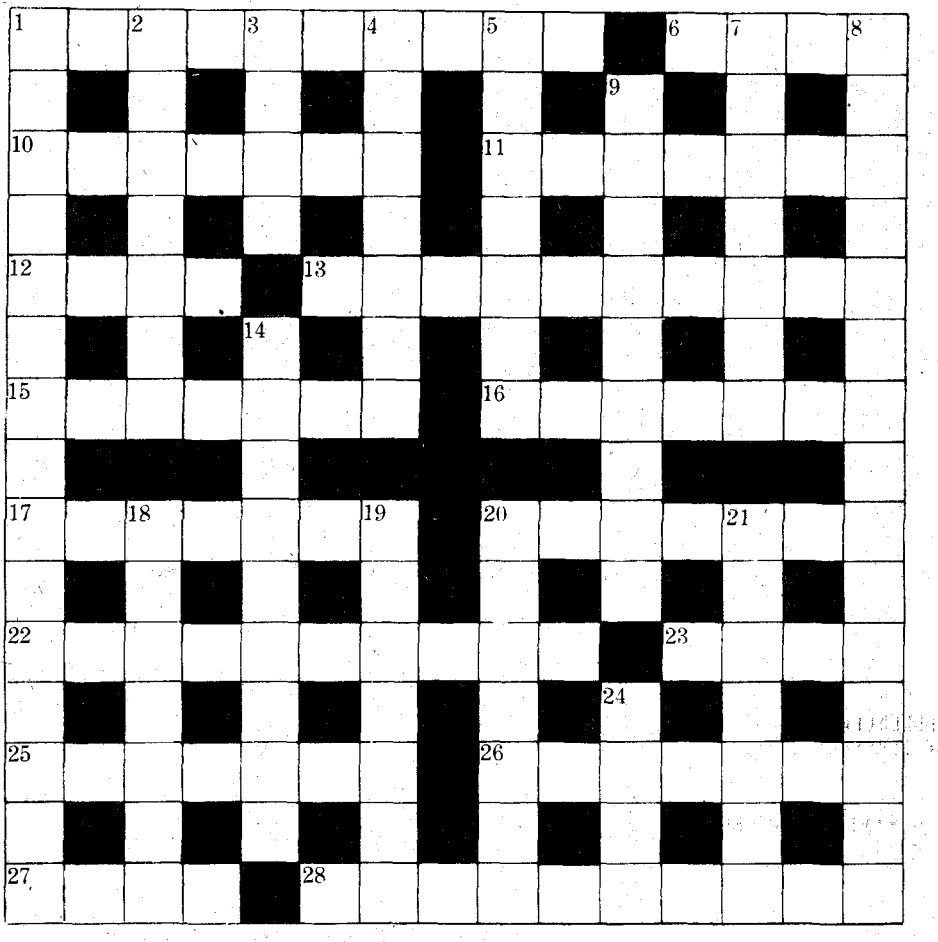
Such instant mass appeal is not entirely explicable by the Pope's personality, no matter how attractive it may be; ironically, it may be more suggestive of a radical *loss* of faith—*not* in God but in the secular liberal ideals of the West, which defied the church when they originated two centuries ago and which promised so much in the way of liberty, equality, fraternity.

Pope John Paul's vibrant reassertion of authority in matters of faith and morals, Khomeini's Islamic republic, the nationalistic religious revival in Russia, Begin's Eretz Israel, Carter's Baptist fundamentalism . . . as distinct as these contemporary phenomena may be from one another, each represents something of a throwback from the point of view of early nineteenth-century optimism; each contains a significant element of mysticism, if not of superstition.

There is an undeniable and ancient attraction in all of this now, even for those who continue to profess the faith of Reason. Writing of another time, the historian Jacob Burckhardt informs us that even "the humanists were peculiarly accessible to prodigies and auguries. The same radical thinker who denied the rights of noble birth and the inequality of men, not only believed in all the medieval stories of ghosts and devils but also in prodigies after the ancient pattern, like those said to have occurred on the last visit of Pope Eugenius IV to Florence: 'Near Como there were seen one evening four thousand dogs, who took the road to Germany; these were followed by a great herd of cattle, and these by an army on foot and on horseback, some with no heads and some with almost invisible heads, and then a gigantic horseman. . . .'" Certainly one prefers the prodigious visit of the Pope to the auguries of the fantastic vision of the four thousand dogs on the road to Germany. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1795

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Perhaps taken up when you 28. (10)
6 Every fez in Cairo has an element of it. (4)
10 A telling performance. (7)
11 Old club—for the big shots, that is! (7)
12 Adversity's are reputedly sweet. (4)
13 Touch base, as one does on retirement. (3,3,4)
15 One might to avoid legal process. (7)
16 With ointments, you might find it all in, no rendering necessary. (7)
17 How some shorten Edward, it is said, with a peculiar modulation. (7)
20 Quiet country, or an old warlike one? (7)
22 On guarding a sort of it, make a few yards. (4,6)
23 Having a man around, he might be from . . . . (4)
25 . . . . here. (7)
26 Is a neighboring politician in fact rude—a U.S. neighbor, at that! (7)
27 Pop pops, as do mixed drinks with it. (4)
28 Tell did without a bow, to make 1 across. (4,3,3)

DOWN

1 Sports enthusiasts who get around at the party? Keep your cool with them! (11,4)
2 Fairly large containers for personal effects and keys, perhaps. (7)
3 Takes in a sort of 20 down with nothing to write with. (4)
4 Scored even around everything. (7)
5 A small amount in spoken fashion of course, circularly. (7)
7 Put in service—or in the barn. (7)
8 Going over the story carefully might involve asking what its balance is. (8,7)
9 Making us over can create what is hollow and deep. (9)
14 Would a renaissance man be like Jimmy? (4,5)
18 Follow the man going out for the pass at the very last. (4-3)
19 It looks like ten in play, making a little bit of a scene. (7)
20 Tutelary forms might be seen, apt to be different. (7)
21 The cornering sound of the owl? (7)
24 A Russian writer has no relative drive. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1794

ACROSS: 4 Horse trades; 9 Bactrian; 10 Thongs; 11 Profile; 12 Undying; 14 Induct; 17 Backspin; 20 Pipers; 22 and 13 Ways and Means; 24 Emperor; 26 Dakota; 27 Animated; 28 Sketch books. DOWN: 2 Out of luck; 3 Skillet; 4 Tend; 5 Actinic; 6 Ebony; 7 Patron; 8 Egg nog; 16 Applejack; 18 Avatar; 19 Pendant; 20 Pimlico; 21 Roomer; 23 and 15 Stock Exchange; 25 Bach.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

Go National with The Nation's Classifieds: You can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers throughout the United States at very reasonable rates. We charge $3 per line (54 characters or spaces)—two-line minimum. Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free! Please enclose payment and send to Lindsey Weinraub c/o *The Nation.*

PUBLICATIONS

No Nukes: Everybody's Guide to Nuclear Power, by Anna Gyorgy & friends. 478 pages, $8 postpaid. *Nuclear Madness—What You Can Do!* by Helen Caldecott. 120 pages, $4.50 postpaid. Kate Donelly, P.O. Box 271-N, New Vernon, NJ 07976.

SOCIALISM for the U.S.A.? an 80-page study by labor professor Harry Kelber, makes the idea of a Socialist America not only "thinkable" but attractive. $1.75 per copy includes handling. Write: Straight Talk Pamphlets, Box 1059, Grand Central P.O., New York 10017.

JUSTICE STANDETH AFAR OFF—incisive insights on 100 supreme court justices—$6. C. Hamilton, Aberdeen, MS. 39730. Lifelong NATION reader.

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

PHILIPPINE SOCIETY AND REVOLUTION, examines the continuing U.S. penetration of socio-economic, political and military life of a developing nation. The Filipino people's plight to be truly independent and self-governing. $4.50 including postage. IAFP, P.O. Box 24737, Oakland, CA 94623.

Stepmothers: Ten pages of help. Copyright 1979. Send $3.00: Francine Dynsen (S), P.O. Box 975 Marblehead, MA 01945.

THE BODY-MIND BOOK: NINE WAYS TO AWARENESS by Bernice Selden is part do-it-yourself, part experiential and all solid research on body work, the best the human potential movement has to offer. The methods are: *Aikido, the Alexander Technique, Bioenergetics, Biofeedback, the Feldenkrais Method, Rolfing, Sensory Awareness, Shaitsu* and *Tai Chi Chuan.* $7.29 (+ 65¢ postage) from Julian Messner, Simon & Schuster Bldg., 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

PERIODICALS

RELIGIOUS HUMANISM, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE Fellowship of Religious Humanists, forum for issues of religion, philosophy, ethics, the arts and sciences within a naturalistic humanistic frame. For information write: Religious Humanism, PO Box 278, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. Dept. N.

NEIGHBORHOOD WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE! Food, Energy, Housing, Waste Management, and More can come under your control! Find out how through THE NEIGHBORHOOD WORKS, Information Service. Sample copy and index only $1.50 from 570 W. Randolph St., Chicago, IL 60606.

REAL ESTATE

FREE! Big Fall-Holiday Catalog! over 5,400 country properties described, pictured! Land, Farms, Homes, Businesses, Recreation, Retirement buys! Selected best thruout the United States. Over 700 offices, 43 states All Across America! Yours FREE from the World's Largest! STROUT REALTY, Inc., 1801 N. Front St., Dept. 5500, Harrisburg, PA 17102.

ART

Own a genuine Oriental Antique Porcelain item $60 each insured-postpaid. Others to $3,000. Bernie Berman, 755 Isenberg, Honolulu, HI 96826.

LITERARY SERVICES

RESEARCH, EDITING, REWRITING. Done by experienced librarian/editor. Reasonable. Box 225, Ardmore, PA 19003.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

RESEARCHERS WANTED law, history students pt time hourly going rate pref NY/DC areas write exp/rate. Write The Nation Box 3000.

STUDIES ABROAD

UNIQUE COLLEGE IN MEXICO

Undergraduate, graduate, adult education programs in English, Arts, crafts, Spanish, social studies, field trips. Sunshine, inexpensive living, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Institute Allende, Box F, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.

HEALTH

JOG at HOME to HARVARD's FITNESS FORMULA: 20 min 3 times wk, all ages. 16p report $3. Blackstone, 4524 Eastview, Chicago, IL 60615.

MISCELLANEOUS

BUY SILVER COINS at face value. Complete details $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bannon, Dept. N, P.O. Box 942, PGH, PA 15230.

CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB

Enjoy making activism and political policy-making more responsible. One-time $15 fee gives you a package of ID and promotional materials plus participation in annual "Cluck of the Year" awards and other club activities. For membership or information, write CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB, Box 174, Cardiff by the Sea, California 92007.

NATION T-SHIRTS—ON SALE NOW!!

The same T-shirts worn by The Nation's softball team are available to you for only $7.50 each. They are a stunning white-on-black design and read "The Nation" on the front, "Since 1865" on the back. Send check or money order, quantity and size (S,M,L) to: T-Shirts, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, NY. NY 10011.

FREE BOOKPLATE CATALOGUE: Bowman Printing, Dept. N, 743 Harvard, St. Louis, MO 63130.

HAVE YOU LIVED BEFORE. Awareness Techniques 63n, Dover, Mass. 02030. Free Chart.

TRAVEL

Cruise beautiful French canals on hotelboat! Superb French cuisine. Relax on sundeck or cycle alongside while floating through Burgundy. Visit picturesque villages and chateaus. Individuals or charter group (maximum-12). Paris pickup. HORIZON, 215 N. 75th, Belleville, IL 62223, 618-397-7524.

PERSONALS

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Steve (212) 232-5500.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

ARE YOU STUCK?

Alive Polarity Therapy uses Balance • Responsibility • Surrender • Honesty • Committment • Caring • Nature and Service in its panoramic approach to understanding the psycho-physical relationships in life. Individual and group programs, led by a large professional staff, offer a unique environment to grow in. **FREE** details from **ALIVE**—Star Route, Box 86S • Olga, WA 98279 • (206) 376-2291. Cont. U.S. 800-426-8876 • WA State only 800-562-8848

LONELY? Have nationwide friends. Enclose stamp. Exciting, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Casey G.: I beg you to put your return address on your letters. Also, don't send them to my office without marking them "Personal." You have no idea how difficult things are to explain. Aaron.

WANTED: Female singer/songwriter, 18-22, to work up a successful punk-folk antithesis to Sonny & Cher. Working knowledge of Colette's complete poems unnecessary. Write The Nation Box 97.

WANTED: Two (2) ladies who would like to travel the country in a limo. Must be sweet, loving, able to read a racing form, and drink a quart every day. Call 914-967-9807. Ask for Frank Dave, anytime.

Young woman with a keen appreciation of the finer things in life seeks on-the-go, generous man for a sophisticated part-time liaison. Write The Nation Box 8112.

JEWELRY

FASHIONABLE • Lighted • **Earrings** • Butterfly Pins. Write Watkins, P.O. Box 17066, Lansing, MI 48901. TOLL FREE 1-800-218-9610.

HELP WANTED

HELP NEEDED

Laborers for a Democratic Union, Rank-And-File Union Dissidents, need funds desperately to continue their fight against Corrupt Union Officials, Unresponsive Government Bureaucrats, and the Corporate Rape of Working People.

We can't do it alone . . . It's everybody's ballgame . . . It's everybody's fight.

We've got determination, the stamina and the commitment. We do not need sympathy, JUST YOUR BLEEDING HEART BUCKS. Send Contributions to: Chris White—Sam Goodman, Acting Finance Com. Chairperson, Box 72938, Fairbanks, Alaska 99707.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something's Coming Between Us and the Sun.

A funny thing happened on the way to the Solar Age.

Big Oil got interested.

Remember when they said solar was too costly and impractical to bother about? That's what they're still saying. In public.

In private, however, the same corporations making a fortune off fossil fuels and uranium are moving in on solar power.

Arco, Mobil, Exxon and Shell have bought up their own photovoltaic companies. In fact, only one pioneering solar electricity firm remains independent.

Domestic copper production is about sewn up, too. Oil companies now control 65 percent of the copper essential to the manufacture of solar collectors.

For Big Oil, the sun is just another token on the energy monopoly board. For the rest of us, the sun represents our last chance for energy independence.

America desperately needs a coherent solar policy to guide development of low-cost, decentralized solar technologies.

We call our plan "Blueprint for a Solar America." And it's free to new members of Solar Lobby.

We're the people who brought you the first Sun Day on May Third, 1978. And now we're working in Washington to keep solar competitive, pushing enlightened solutions to our energy problems.

The Solar Lobby needs your help. Your check for $15 will make you a member—and get you a free copy of "Blueprint for a Solar America."

As a member of the Solar Lobby, you will also receive the *Sun Times*, a monthly newsletter filled with the latest information from Washington, and practical advice on how you can benefit from solar energy now.

Join the Solar Lobby. Before Big Oil comes between you and the sun.

Forever.

Solar Lobby

1001 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Fifth Floor
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 466-6350

☐ Please send me more information on Solar Lobby.
☐ Here is my $15 contribution. Please enroll me as a member of Solar Lobby and send me your "Blueprint for a Solar America."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Public Media Center

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED